

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, ETC.

CLOTHING.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, HATS, ETC.

## J. M. HIGH & CO.'S LAST CALL FOR JULY

### "RAZZLE DAZZLE." PRICES CONTINUED!

Last week's sale was a tremendous and overwhelming success. The "Razzle Dazzle" prices are continued this week, and we expect to hit harder and harder until we have closed every yard of summer stuffs. A grand opportunity for bargains.

#### Wash Dress Goods

SEASONABLE FABRICS  
Going at Ridiculous Prices.

5,000 yards Ecru Plaid Lawns to be closed at 25c yard.  
30,000 yards solid Chambrays to be given away at 35c yard.  
200 pieces new American Challies, beautiful French styles, worth 10c, at 6c yard.  
Figured Lawns, 10,000 yards fine Pacific and Manchester Lawns, best styles, fast colors, at 7c yard.  
Figured Batistes, yard wide, extra quality and new designs, cut from 12c and 15c to 8c yard.

#### GINGHAM.

Thousands and thousands of yards, all styles, at bargain prices.  
French Gingham cut from 25 to 12c yard.  
Brown only.  
200 pieces fine plaid and striped Gingham, worth 12c, at 7c yard.

#### WHITE GOODS.

Nothing but bargains this week in this department.  
5,000 yards India linen worth 10c, at 5c yard.  
2 cases fine India linen worth 12c, at 7c yard.  
200 pieces white striped Lawns at 4c, actually worth 7c.  
1,000 yards checked Nainsook at 5c, worth 7c.  
Fine plaid India linens at 8c, worth 12c.  
Plaid organdies, the prettiest white goods in the market, reduced from 25c and 35c to 20c yard.

#### EMBROIDERIES.

This week we propose to make a clean sweep of Embroidered Skirtings. We embrace the entire stock in two lots at prices that will sell them, and sell them at once.  
Lot 1—Consists of all the Skirtings we have on hand from \$1.25 to \$2.50 yard, will go this week at a uniform price \$1 yard.  
Lot 2—Will be all our fine hemstitched, tucked and Irish Point Skirtings, worth from \$2.50 to \$3 yard, and they go at \$1.50 yard. These are bargains.  
Thousands of yards of narrow embroideries at bargain prices.

#### HOUSEHOLD GOODS!

—AT—  
BARGAIN PRICES

An Opportunity  
FOR EVERYBODY!

Bargains in Damasks!  
Bargains in Napkins!  
Bargains in Towels!

20 pieces bleached satin damask, extra quality, at 30c, cut from 50c.  
60 pieces bleached and cream damask at 47c reduced from 65c.  
Special lot bleached, cream and oil red damask at 62c, cut from 85c.

#### TOWELS.

500 Drummer Samples, all more or less soiled, are to be closed at half price.  
All linen huck towel 20x42 inches at 17c, worth 25c.  
200 dozen damask towels, colored woven border, worth 35c at 22c.  
500 dozen linen checked napkins at 23c dozen.  
Full line of bookfold napkins and fringed doilies at rock bottom prices.

## J. M. HIGH & CO., THE REGULATORS AND CONTROLLERS OF LOW PRICES.

#### DOMESTICS.

ANOTHER CUT IN PRICES  
THIS WEEK.

J. M. HIGH & CO.  
Always at the Bottom.

4-4 Lonsdale—Green tag at 8c yard.  
7-8 Fruit Loom at 7c yard.  
Yard wide, fine soft finish domestic at 7c yard.  
Wamsutta ends, 5 to 20 yards enough for Monday's trade, only at 8c yard. Remember this goods is worth 12c yard.  
Domestic cotton checks at 5c yard.

#### HOSIERY!

50 dozen ladies' black ingrain hose, full regular made, double heel and toe, 15c.  
100 dozen ladies 40 gauge fast black hose, every pair guaranteed stainless or money refunded, 25c worth 40c.  
80 dozen ladies' indelible black hose, warranted not to crack 35c.  
23 dozen solid colored lisle thread hose, maco split soles, reduced from 75c to 35c.  
Lord & Taylor's extra black hose with high spliced heels, every pair guaranteed, 35c.  
Ladies' black ingrain lisle thread hose, Louis Herndon's dye, warranted stainless, 50c.  
Ladies' plain and drop-stitch lisle hose, tans, slates, new mode and bronze, 30c.  
Ladies' black silk hose 50c.  
Ladies' royal stainless black silk hose, warranted, 75c.  
Ladies' solid, colored and fancy silk hose \$1.  
Misses' plain black ingrain hose, with split soles, double heel and toe 15c, worth 25c.  
Misses' fast black hose, guaranteed stainless or money refunded, 25c, worth 40c, all sizes.  
Boys' extra long, Jersey ribbed, seamless hose, black, 15c.  
Gents' colored seamless socks, 4 pair for 25c.  
Gents' brown, tan and gray colored seamless socks, three thread heel and toe, 12c.  
Gents' full regular made double heel and toe ballbrigan half-hose 15c.  
Gents' super-fine British half-hose, regular price the world over 25c, our price 20c.  
Gents' solid colored lisle thread half-hose 33c worth 50c.  
Gents' solid colored and black silk hose 50c, worth 85c.

#### UNDERWEAR

—AND—  
Gent's Furnishing

DEPARTMENT.  
A Full and Complete Line to Select From

Ladies' fine Swiss ribbed Jersey vests 11c each.  
Ladies' superfine colored lisle thread vests, 33c.  
Ladies' Jersey ribbed ballbrigan vests 40c, regular price 75c.  
Gents' full ballbrigan shirts 35c each.  
Gents' colored ballbrigan shirts a nd drawer 35c each.  
Gents' fine drill drawers only 25c, worth 50c.  
Gents' underwear in all styles and patterns.  
83 dozen gents' scarfs for Monday at 25c each.  
Gents' pure silk Four-in-Hand ties 25c.  
A job lot of gents' suspenders, worth from 40c to 75c, all to go at 25c each.  
Boys' shirt waists in heavy French percale, all fast patterns.

#### Shirts! Shirts! Shirts!

J. M. High & Co.'s 50c "Homestead" shirt is the best in the world.

The People Astounded!  
Patrons Delighted!  
Competitors Unrecognized!

Pale and emaciated they quietly look on and see the crowds thronging to our

#### SILK DEPARTMENT

A COLOSSAL CONGREGATION  
—OF—  
BARGAINS!

More silks sold last week than in a month before. A merciless cut deep down into the vitals of import cost.  
9 patterns black Marveilleux silk, 24 inches wide, the best material in the world, cut down from \$52 to \$26 suit.  
A little warmer for black velvet suits, yet we have these patterns for tomorrow, 27 inches wide. Best by far ever seen in Atlanta. The price is \$14 per yard, cut down to \$8.10 per yard.  
Seek no further for a black silk. Here is found more silks than the combined stocks of the city.  
10 pieces cashmere finished Antoine Guinet's black silks, conceded the best on earth, cut down for this week from \$2.25 to \$1.33. This is the \$2.50 quality "up the street."  
20 pieces colored Paille Francaise, a lovely silk, the most elegant thing for the season, cut down from \$1.10 to 60c. Take a look around the "cheap joints," then come to

#### J. M. HIGH & CO.'S

and see how we do business.  
17 pieces colored drapery nets, opera tints, to close out quickly tomorrow. We cut them from \$1.75 down to \$1.10.  
Evening silks for reception toilettes are here in great profusion. Prices cut down deep. They must go.  
20 pieces cream, light blue, pink and canary surah down to 7c.  
All our \$1.50 24-inch opera Chinas cut down this week to 90c.

#### DRESS GOODS.

24 pieces all wool Challies, in pretty styles, cut down from 55c.  
13 pieces all wool 44-inch traveling suitings cut from 10c down to 47c.  
12 pieces all wool Costume Stripes—a beauty—cut from \$1.25 down to 72c.  
200 all wool 44-inch French pattern suits, ranging from 7 to 9 yards, and in every imaginable shade, on bargain counter, and cut down to one-third price.

#### BLACK GOODS.

A few interesting bargains in black dress goods.  
3 piece silk warp, Priestley's, Henrietta, cut down from \$1.35 to 90c.  
Note these prices. "They are appalling."  
We must have their room!  
9 pieces 42 inch black Henrietta, cut down from 75c to 40c.  
5 pieces 48-inch black figured London Costume cloth cut from \$2.25 to \$1.65.  
We offer this to our patrons as a "truly good thing" and a bargain.

#### Silk Warp Veilings

IN THEIR ENTIRETY?  
All of R. Priestley's makes just opened.  
Cream Albatross cut down from 90c to 35c.  
Light blue, pink and cream Albatross cut down from 75 to 45c.

#### SATINES.

We are still the masters of the situation in satines. Our prices are the lowest yet.  
American satines, magnificent line of styles at only 7c yard.  
Best French satines, latest and most elegant designs, all going at 25c, reduced from 40 and 50c.

#### JAS. A. ANDERSON & CO



#### The Bottom Reached FOR 30 DAYS

We will sell our entire stock of Summer Clothing for Men, Boys and Children

AT COST!

We are compelled to make room for our immense Winter Stock which we are having made.

LOOK AND BE CONVINCED  
41 Whitehall Street.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

Sam'l W. Goode. Robt. A. Wilson. Albert L. Beck

#### SAM'L W. GOODE & CO

#### Real Estate OFFERS.

\$2,750 for Jones st. 5 r cottage, one door from Cooper st., renting at \$25 per month.  
\$2,000 for neat, new 3 cottage, near W. Peachtree, on very easy terms; corner lot.  
\$1,000 for choice Spring st. lot, 50x100 feet, with east front.  
\$1,150 for very central Spring st. lot, south of Church st., on easy terms.  
7 lots, each 50x125 ft., on Park st., West End, between Lee and Ashby sts., for \$3,500.  
READ THE FOLLOWING OFFER and you will buy: One 5 r, one 6 r, one 3 r, and 4 cottages, all neatly plastered, painted, weather-boarded, blinds, wide halls, front and rear verandas less than block from car line, in excellent neighborhood, all now rented to good white tenants; lot high and level, and whole rents for \$70 per month, and regularly pays 12 per cent on the price asked, \$7,250.  
\$4,200 for 3 neat, new cottages, less than block from car line, renting for \$40 per month.  
\$5,000 for 5 new 4 r cottages renting for \$42.50 per month.  
PEACHTREE LOT, 75x165 ft., east front, south of Bickley st., \$3,500.  
PEACHTREE LOT, 144x360 ft., to Atwood et.; will make 2 Peachtrees lots 72x200 ft. each, and 2 Atwood st. lots good size, for only \$6,000 for the four lots, with east front on the car line; high, in front of Leonard, on easy payments.  
7 lots 50x15 ft., each 250 ft. west of Peachtree car line; all high, shaded and choice, for \$3,850, on easy terms.  
2 Stone wall st. lots for \$1,000, in good neighborhood, on easy terms.  
\$2,500 for neat, new 5 r West End cottage on lot 50x270 ft. to alley, half block from Gordon st. car line, on easy terms.  
\$1,000 for Pulliam st. lot, 54x110 ft., between Fulton and Richard sts.  
36 acres near the Fulton electric line; long front on main road; shade, water; price cheap; place very choice.  
\$4,000 for East Baker street residence, on lot 97x200 feet.  
JONES AVE. 11 r residence for \$900 cash and \$24 monthly; lot 50x134 feet.  
\$6,000 for 7 1/2 acres, with 600 feet front on Air Line railroad; shaded; main front on Todd road, in full view of Ponce de Leon springs, and convenient to two car lines to city.  
\$1,200 for a 4 r Fort street house; lot 50x100 ft.  
THE CANDLE PLAZA of 230 acres, at Decatur, Ga., 6 miles from center of Atlanta. Large, commodious, 10 r residence, servants' houses, beautiful groves, fine orchards and vineyards, bold branch, good spring, fine timber—indeed, everything to make a suburban home attractive, and one steadily enhancing in value by its proximity to Decatur and Atlanta, and its accessibility. For sale on very liberal terms, as a whole or subdivided.  
7 and 3 r West Harris street cottages, on lot 50x200 feet; high and choice; belgian pavement, brick walks, water, gas, good neighborhood; rents well, and only \$3,750, for ten days.  
SUBURBAN REAL ESTATE in good variety.  
RENTING PROPERTY which pays well.

#### SAMUEL W. GOODE & CO.

No. 1 Marietta Street.

M. Rich & Bros. offer their 75 and 85 cents China Silks at 50 cents to close them before the season is over.

## ANOTHER OVERTURNING!

— IN —  
EMBROIDERIES, LACES, MEN'S AND BOY'S HATS  
— AND —  
SUMMER MILLINERY!

Our store presents a brilliant spectacle these days. Counters laden with Hats, Ribbons, Embroideries, Flowers and Feathers. Eager throngs of customers crowding each counter and salesladies filled with the enthusiasm that the consciousness of LOW PRICES, QUICK SALES and a spirited business impart to them. Be assured, they enjoy giving good bargains as much as you do getting them.

#### Last Day of the Closing Sale Monday.

On Monday we shall offer 450 pieces of the very prettiest and cutest narrow Embroidery ever seen at 2c, 3c, 4c and 5c per yard.  
5,000 bona fide remnants of Embroidery, all widths, in Mull, Swiss, P. K. and Hamburg from 4c per remnant.  
Embroideries will be the biggest item Monday. We shall detail eight ladies to that counter so that our customers will have no trouble to get waited on. Every lady to go away delighted.  
Oriental Laces from 2 to 6 inches wide in ecru or white, just the thing for summer dress trimmings, fancy work, etc., at 5c, 8c and 10c per yard.  
RUCHINGS. Just a few boxes left—not more than forty—in white, black and fancy. We had a big rush at this counter last week. The same price tomorrow, 10c per yard.

#### SUMMER MILLINERY.

We have made one big counter of Ladies and Misses Straw Hats that were worth 35 to 75c each at 10c.  
One counter of Ladies' Milan, Fancy and Lace Straw Hats, the latest shapes were 50c, 75c and \$1, now 25c.  
Talk about Razzle-Dazzle, if anything is got the Razzle-Dazzle it is Ribbons, they have certainly been slaughtered this season. These are facts, but it is even harder for us to believe them.  
60c Ribbon for 25c per yard.  
85c Ribbons for 30c per yard.  
\$2.50 Ribbons for 60c.  
We've a lot of short lengths, including all sorts, from the cheapest to the very best. They're in our way, a bother to us. Take 'em away for half or one-third.

#### CORSETS. HOSIERY.

We will sell a good, honest corset, all sizes, for 25c this season. The reason is patent to everybody.  
A fine corset, well boned, shaped on the most approved form, at 38c.  
Special bargain—25 dozen of French woven corsets, all sizes, at 50c.  
Thompson's, Dr. Warner's, Dr. Hamilton's, C. P. and all the best makes in stock.

#### GENTS' STRAW HATS.

Three prices—20c, 25c and 45c each—worth three times the price.

#### BOYS' STRAW HATS.

Three prices—15c, 20c and 25c each—worth double the price.

#### SURPRISE STORE, 74, 76, 78 Whitehall St.

N. B.—Special attention and care given to the filling of all orders.

#### COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

R. E. SIBLEY. HARRY M. COTTINGHAM.  
SIBLEY & CO.,  
Commission Merchants

17 South Forsyth Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
FLOUR, GRAIN, HAY, FRUIT, COUNTRY PRODUCE GENERALLY

Ample Storage. Gilt Edge Butter a Specialty.  
REFER BY PERMISSION TO  
LOWRY BANKING CO., Atlanta.  
REAL LOAN AND BANKING CO., Atlanta.  
MERCHANTS' BANK, Atlanta.  
S. M. INMAN, of S. M. Inman & Co., Atlanta.  
N. C. KIRK, of M. C. & T. R. Kirk, Atlanta.

#### JOS. THOMPSON,

IMPORTER, DISTILLER AND DEALER IN  
Fine Wines, Whiskies, Brandies, Etc!

#### INGLENOOK WINES,

THE FINEST CALIFORNIA WINES in the market. Bottled at the Inglenook Vineyard, Napa county, Cal., each bottle protected by the pure wine stamp of the state of California.

#### MADEIRA WINES FROM THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA,

—AND—  
SHERRIES FROM SPAIN.

#### CAPITOL CITY CLUB RYE

The finest whisky to be had anywhere, and everything that can be found in a first class house.  
Send for Price List. Telephone 48.

#### Atlanta Machine Works,

FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS,  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Ornamental and Structural Iron Work,  
CRESTINGS, FENCES, GUARDS, GRILLES, GATES, IRON FRONTS,  
COLUMNS, STAIRWAYS, BUILDERS' IRON, &c. &c  
TELEPHONE 56.  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA.



## A SNAKE RANCH.

AN ENTERPRISE THAT WILL CREATE A REVOLUTION.

The Police Reporter Pays a Visit to the Breeding Grounds of Serpents That Have Been Brought Up to a High State of Civilization and Are Fitted With All the Latest Improvements.

"His—ss—ss! ss—ss—ss! ss—ss—ss!"

The police reporter had grown tired of the weary walks of the city, and was out for an airing and a smack of rural scenery.

"His—ss—ss!"

The blood-curdling hisses of twelve hundred serpents that had come up to be fed.

It was the snake ranch of an Atlanta merchant, and a more intensely interesting spot cannot be found within the boundaries of the county of Fulton.

The farm comprises about one hundred acres of wood and meadow carefully enclosed with a gauge wire fence so as to prevent the escape of any of the stock.

Snakes live on frogs, principally, so there is a frog pond in the middle of a marshy piece of ground, which is kept well stocked with hoppers.

"Some of them have been taught to drink buttermilk," said Mr. Merchant, "and that is why they are here. They are getting quite tame. Do you see that old brown headed coach-whip over there? Well, that fellow is in training now. He can already run like a streak of lightning, but I am going to make him the swiftest serpent in America."

"What sort of a brindled snake is that there in the grass?"

"That is a joint snake. Come up here, Chicago."

"Why do you call him Chicago?"

"Because he is so much like the Illinois divorce laws. You can take him apart and put him together again. Fact is, you may break him all up and he'll wiggle back and get himself together again. Come here, Chicago," continued he, and with a long switch he reached over the fence and struck the snake several blows, breaking him into half a dozen pieces that all went to wiggle around in a confused mass.

"Now we'll just have old Chicago where he is until we come back, and then you can observe the results of education and training in a common joint snake."

Just then a blue-looking black runner came scooting up through the weeds and popped his head up and licked out his tongue.

"He had a knot tied in his tail."

"Why do you tie them up that way?" asked the reporter.

"To keep them from swallowing each other. We have lost several fine specimens on that account, and we had to stop the scheme. I saw them, but I thought they were about a week ago I had two young black snakes that I thought a great deal of. They had got so they could whistle 'Cotton Eye Joe' like any other snake, but we lost them both through carelessness."

"How was that?"

"Well, they went out there under that big oak, and each laid hold of the other's tail and began to swallow. I saw them, but I thought they'd soon get enough of it and quit. I watched them as they kept gulping each other, inch by inch, the slippery circle growing smaller and smaller. Suddenly, before I could realize it, they fetched a mighty jump and then a big rattler would sing out under a bush, and occasionally a coach-whip would lash away with his tail and whip the wooden legs at the stiles.

Suddenly there was a rustle and a swish, and a serpent doubled up like a hoop went trundling down toward the pond, in full pursuit of a big green jumping frog that was leaping ten feet at a jump, trying to escape.

"What is that?" queried the reporter.

"That is a horn snake, or hoop snake, as some people call them. That's the way they travel. The snake just takes his tail in his mouth and goes to rolling over and over like a hoop, and I tell you, they get there without wings."

"Are they dangerous?"

"I should say so. That snake could kill a tree with a stroke of that horn on the tip of his tail. We have had all their tails knocked off, like they fix the horns of vicious bulls, and that keeps them out of mischief. Now, yonder in the woods we have got a quarter-mile ring, like a bicycle track, where the horn snakes can practice. They race around there sometimes all day long, and they are very fast."

"What is that green-eyed thing there?" asked the reporter, pointing to a yellow looking snake that lay doing under a log.

"That? Ah, that fellow is the snake that is going to make our fortune. That is a cross between a black snake and a ground rattler. He has all the wiggling qualities of the former, and the double distilled poison of the latter. With a little closer cultivation we hope to produce a serpent that is rank pizen from end to end."

"What do you want with such a monster?"

"That snake is to be the supreme antidote for Atlanta fever. It has been known for a long time that liquor is the finest of antidotes for snake bites, and drawing our conclusions from that fact we have made a few experiments with both ways; and we resolved to try snake bites as a remedy for the effects of Atlanta fever."

"How will you manage it?"

"Well, when we have brought the snakes up to the proper degree of poisonousness, we will just do them up in packages, assorted sizes, say half a dozen in a box, and then we will let the fellow get so saturated with liquor that he can't navigate, we'll just sell him half a dozen snakes and let him go off and bite himself until he is relieved. We have named this new hybrid 'The Friend of Temperance,' and we feel confident of achieving a great success."

Just then there was a terrible zizzing off to one side, and Mr. Merchant remarked:

"There comes old Waterbury."

"What's that?"

"Oh, that's our improved rattlesnake. We have fitted on to his rattles an alarm clock attachment that will set to any alarm clock when it goes off there is a good deal of wakefulness in this vicinity."

"What are you going to do with that sort of a serpent?"

"They are invaluable for people who employ night watchmen. You see, by turning loose one of these like old Waterbury, with his long set to ring every half hour, there is no danger of a bank being burglarized while the watchman is asleep. That is a fine piece of human ingenuity, that alarm clock rattler."

"When will you have your improved snakes on the market?"

"So soon as we are satisfied that all our improvements are perfect. We want to experiment with that Temperance Friend a little more."

"How do you propose to do this?"

"Well, we are going to petition the mayor and council to let us have Old Limerick and Texas Jack to experiment upon first."

"Do you reckon they'll do it?"

"Why shouldn't they? If they turn over the stiffs to the medical colleges to experiment with, why should they not allow us the use of the snakes that are not fit for anything else?"

"There seems to be grand logic in that."

"Of course there is. It is getting time when scientific people should have some recognition. Old Limerick and Texas Jack could both be very well spared, even if the snakes proved too much for them."

"That's a fact."

"The itching of the scalp, falling of the hair, resulting in baldness, are often caused by dandruff, which may be cured by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SENT FREE. Samples Wall Paper, with prices and book on how to apply it. M. M. MAUCK, Atlanta, Ga.

## A BANDIT QUEEN LYNCHED.

"Cattle Kate" Maxwell and a Companion Hung to the Same Limb.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., July 25. James Averill and the notorious Cattle Kate Maxwell were lynched by cowboys last night. The bodies of the rustler and the Range Queen dangled from the same limb of a big cottonwood this morning. The scene of the lawless but just deed of the midnight raiders is on the Sweet Water river, in Carbon county, near Independence Rock, and made mark in the history of the rustling trade over the last and gold fields.

Averill was postmaster at Sweet Water. Kate Maxwell is the heroine of a sensational story which appeared throughout the country three months ago, when she raided a gambling house and recovered a large sum of money won from her employees. Stockmen of the Sweet Water range have been the victims of cattle thieves for years. On account of prejudices against the large outlaws it has been impossible to convict on the charge, and the rustlers have become very bold. A veritable reign of terror has been very active in the range, riding like a demon, shooting on the slightest pretext and handling the law and lawless alike with the skill of the most expert vaquero. Fifty freshly branded yearling steers were counted in the Averill and Maxwell herd.

Saturday morning a stock detective whose suspicions were aroused was driven from their place when he was noticed viewing the stolen property. The circumstance was reported to the ranchmen, who determined to rid the country of the desperate pair. Averill and the woman have several times been ordered to emigrate or cease appropriating navericks, but had disregarded all warnings. After her celebrated gambling house escapade Mrs. Maxwell degenerated from a picturesque Western character into a reckless prairie virago of loose morals and lost most of her following, but continued partnership with the postmaster.

Word was passed along the river, and fifteen to twenty men gathered at a designated place and galloped to the cabin of Averill and Cattle Kate without unnecessary noise. The rustlers were at home. A peep through the window disclosed the thieves and a boy in their employ sitting beside a rude fire place smoking cigarettes. As half a dozen men rushed into the room a Winchester was poked through each window and the command to throw up their hands was given with unmistakable earnestness. The trio sprang for their lives, but were quickly overpowered. Averill blubbered, begged and whined, protested innocence. The boy was quiet. Kate cursed. Her denunciation of the lynchers was something terrible in its way. An extensive vocabulary, collected during long association with roughs and rustlers, was exhausted and repeated. In summing up she cursed everything and everybody, challenging the duty to lynch her if she possessed the power. An attempt was made to gag her, but her struggling was so violent that this was prolonged. She called for her own horse to ride to the tree selected for the execution. She vaulted astride the animal's back from the ground. Averill did not resist, and the boy, who had been told that he would not be harmed, followed. Either of the rustlers was fastened about the necks of the rustlers as they sat in their saddles. The boy made a pass with a knife at the man who was preparing to be hanged, but he was quickly repulsed by a blow with the butt end of a revolver. It appears that the lad was a nephew of the bandit queen.

When preparations for the execution had been completed Averill and the woman were asked to speak. The man spoke only of his office, saying that he did not wish a certain man to be his successor. He was promised the influence of the party for another year. Kate made quite an address. She wished the affair kept as quiet as possible, desiring that her mother should remain in ignorance of her disgraceful career and tragic death. It was useless to deny that their herd had been stolen from the ranchmen of that section, but, if they did not wish to divide it among themselves, she would like to have it sold and the proceeds sent to a home for wayward girls. She bade her nephew goodbye, and commenced to deliver a blasphemous harangue. The horses were led under the pair while Kate was still cursing. Kate kicked in lively style for ten minutes. A few bullets were sent into Averill's body, and the lynchers rode away. It is doubtful if an inquest is held, and the executioners have no fear of punishment. The cattlemen have been forced to this, and more hangings will follow unless there is less thieving.

## BITTEN BY A SCORPION.

A New York Doctor's Horrible Experience in the Heart of Mexico.

Dr. George Mallet, of Brooklyn City, who is on his way to the mining camps of the interior of Mexico, writes from Las Yndas the following story of his journey and his experience with a scorpion:

"I started across country on mule back with a dangerous looking guide, whom I feared might at any moment cut my throat while asleep for the little money I had; fortunately, he did nothing of the kind, and turned out to be a very good man. The third night I had an experience that I would not repeat for all the wealth of Mexico. It was just dark about 7:30, when I discovered a light up the side of the mountain as though it would be a good time to camp, as we had been in the saddle almost constantly since 3 o'clock that morning. We made for it and found a little shack inhabited by two horrible looking specimens of humanity in the most abominable of costumes."

"The guide told them we wanted to stop all night, and the female prepared to cook for us. As they of course had no chairs, I sat on a low stool in front of the fire to eat it. I was scarcely seated before I felt something on my neck, and putting my hand up, felt an exceedingly stinging sting on my left neck, and it almost made me howl. I immediately tied my handkerchief around it and stopped the circulation and then sucked it, and the old man parted with a chuck of tobacco. In about ten minutes the stinging ceased and I thought it was all over, when intense vertigo came on with much vomiting and retching, the sensation of great weakness, and I was accompanied by a profuse cold perspiration, then a sharp tingling began in the bitten finger, extending over the hand and up the arm, then the other arm and hand, and then the legs tingled and stung like an electrical current, and yet they were completely dead to all external impressions, and I could scarcely move them; then my face began to swell, the same way. I called for water and was terrified to find that I had lost all sense of taste and my jaw was getting stiff and I could scarcely swallow."

"I must imagine my feelings—no one near but those almost savages and they understanding not a word I said and the horrible sense of impending death due to the depression caused by the poison. I tried to ask if there was a doctor anywhere near, but could not even speak English now, and of course they did not understand me. It was simply horrible, and I thought surely I was dying, for the dead feeling seemed to be extending, and I could scarcely move a muscle. With a great effort I made signs for a bottle of claret that I happened to have in my bag to use in washing my face. Most of this I drank, and it braced me up so that I made them understand that I wanted hot water, and it seemed almost a year before they got any. When they brought it, though they could not bear their hands in it, I put both hands and feet into it without feeling it. Then I made them rub hard, and they did so all night, and by morning I was about two hours, being perfectly exhausted. On awakening I felt much better, my limbs tingled as though they were asleep, but I could not use them, by moving about I began to feel better."

"As soon as I could get up I got into the saddle again, hoping to reach some civilization where I should get more help. The journey was just half over, so I pushed on for a while, and soon found that the exercise was of benefit, the tingling ceased, and by that night I could taste the food. At the next morning I had no signs of the previous night's experience, except a loss of sensibility in my left arm and hand and a feeling of great weakness. Now, five days after, I am entirely well, except that I have no feeling at all in my left index finger and half of back of forearm up to the elbow. I was told here that it was a scorpion that bit me and that I was lucky in getting out of it so easily. I am all right now and apprehend no further trouble."

Distress after eating, heartburn, sick head ache and indigestion are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It also creates a good appetite.

For a "hot water" medicine Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled. It neutralizes the depressing effect of the heat, by giving tone and strength to the whole system, and creating an appetite.

## A BABE AT PLUNKET'S.

"Thar's er new baby at my house, and its been times thar for er few days, I tellyou."

So said Plunkett, as he took his seat on the bench in front of the mill. While waiting for his grating the old man continued:

"Nothing would do the old 'oman but what she must take some summer boarders from outen the city. I kicked, but I soon seed that wasn't no use in talkin, and I give in."

"Monday up driv' er carriage with the family—husband, wife and six brats. I was down in the orchard when they come, but the old 'oman she called for me in er fine kind er voice that I'd never heard her use before, and I was kinder scared that something was the matter, and I dropped my basket and lit out to the house in a mighty neat gait for an old man."

"When I got up behind the smokehouse I heard the fine voice of the old 'oman again, saying:

"Mr. Plunkett! Oh, Mr. Plunkett!"

"Thinks I, 'ding it, something's wrong. I never heard her voice that fine before and she always calls me Plunkett, or Plunk, or Bob without any Mr. to it, and so it was I thought something must be the matter."

"I soon seed the carriage and I knowed the boarders had come. I cut my eye at the old 'oman and what should I see but that she was all rigged up in her Sunday clothes and had on er darned big bustle. It would er surprised you to see how she shook herself around there and with what er fine voice she introduced me as Mr. Plunkett. Darned if she'd put the Mr. to my name in years eround home and it made me smile. She seed I had my eye on her but she didn't quail, and I'm satisfied the boarders thought she was used to bustles and wore them sort er clothes every day."

"I cut my eye at the little 'oman as she got outen the carriage and I thought to myself that her bustle had got turned eround, but it hadn't."

"The boarders were pretty round seated in the front plaza and I sauntered up and took my seat erlong with 'em. The old 'oman skipped in the room and got my Sunday coat and brought it out and gave it to me with er look as much as to say: 'Put on your coat in the company of boarders.' I wasn't taking no hints, for I was sweating the same as er horse, then, and didn't propose to let no boarder on airs at this age, boarders or no boarders."

"They set there and talked—I was silent—erout this flower and other flower, and this vine and other vine, and then they got to talking erout books, and they mentioned er fellow by the name of Shakespeare and Milton and Scott, and Dickens, and the old 'oman set up like an owl and looked wise and nodded her head now and then and smiled, but I knowed she was suffering for she lowered my eyes were on her, and she knowed that I knowed that she never had knowed the multiplication table in her life, and couldn't spell in the old blue book spelling book."

"While this talking was going on I had managed to get off my old shoes and socks and rolled up my breeches and was cooling fine, when the old 'oman cut her eye eround and seed me and I thought to my soul she'd faint. I got er little excited at the way she looked and began to work the dirt that was on my legs and feet into rolls with my fingers and she lit out, and perty soon I seed her beckoning with her hand for me to go to where she was. I didn't go—I wasn't taking no lectures—and perty soon she loved:

"Mr. Plunkett! Mr. Plunkett!"

"I didn't let up, and perty soon I seed she had give it up and had gone. She wasn't gone long, though, for she had just stepped into her room and had skint that Sunday dress and that bustle offen herself and stepped out before in her homespun and loved, in her old familiar way:

"Plunk, clear out from here and gether some roasting ears," I cleared.

"When the old 'oman quit straining to show off before the boarders I was satisfied and the boarders were satisfied, and the old 'oman told me that light it was best for folks to be jest what they is, boarders or no boarders."

"But the new baby come and then come times. It come er yelling, and its yelled ever since it did come. The old 'oman tells me privately that its been yell, yell, yell, and hell, hell, hell, ever since the boarders got to our house, and if ever she gets outen this scrape she'll never want no more summer boarders, and that she will never hire er gin erout having no babies."

"The new baby's daddy has been worried over the yelling as much as we have. He fell off twenty-three pounds in one week and keeps er falling."

"I hear him every night moaning eround in the house. Last night he worried with the new baby till erout midnight and just as he got er quiet and asleep I heard that wide-mouthed oldest boy of hisen, open up over water."

"Oh, papa! Oh, papa! Give me some water."

"Yes, ding you, I knowed when you was bragging on Plunkett's ham meat at supper you'd want water. If you wake this new baby I'll water you."

"Then two or three more of 'em broke out: 'Water! water! I want some water!'

"That you be hosen, I tell you, they water works of Atlanta could run through you, and over you and under you, and another the life outen you!"

"The new baby had waked ergin by this time and there was music in the air."

"I heard him rise. He wears what he calls er night shirt to sleep in. I heard him rattle the pitcher in his room, but it was dry. He made his way out in the hall on his way to the water bucket on the back porch. He stumbled over my old saddle in the darkness and made things rattle in that hallway. After the saddle he struck er chair, then the old spinning wheel, then er bench and hit the floor covv. As he was struggling to get on his feet ergin

my old 'oman 'lowed:

"Can't youans sleep?"

"Sleep! Sleep! Sleep hell!"

"He got to the water bucket on the porch, at last, and I heard him strike the bottom of it with the gourd. It was dry, too. He seed he had to make for the well, and he's the most tender-footed fellow I ever seed. I watched him out the window as he walked over the gravel out to the well. He moved like he was stepping on pins, but he got there arter awhile and erout the time he struck the windlass the dogs struck arter him, and he didn't move like he was on pins getting back in the house. He moved! He fairly flew! But old Blue got er piece of that night shirt as he fell in the door."

"The next day he was bandaged up when he come in and axed the old 'oman if he had any empty jugs eround the house."

"I've got three of 'em, one-gallon, a two-gallon and er five-gallon," said she.

"Let me have the five-gallon one," said he. 'I want to send for five gallons of paregoric before another night gets here, and I'll either make that new baby and the rest of 'em sleep or I'll berberdum!'"

"They are trying to get it named now. Some of 'em wants to call it William Shakespear, another wants to call it Napoleon Bonaparte, another Robert Lee, another Stonewall Jackson, another James Longstreet, another Henry Grady, another Benjamin Hill, another Ervin Howell, another Joseph Brown, but I think it will all be compromised by calling it Jack."

It tickles me to hear their baby talk: 'Little tiny sugar dumpling,' 'sweetness,' 'sugar,' and such like, and while they are standing over it wearing its prettiest thing that ever lived it will make the ugliest face I ever seed and yell like thunder."

"But its all right. Its not to be expected for old folks like us to think too much of other folks' babies. Babies are necessary for the running of the world, and folks who haven't got 'em wants 'em, and folks who have er few wants more, at least that's the way it looks, and the daddy of this baby boarder of mine swears he don't care if he has er thousand now, and I believe they will."

SARGE.

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Angostura Bitters, of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Makes Delicious Lemonade.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

Ladies! Use the only cure for sick or nervous stomach, 25 cents, or 50 cents on receipt of price by Cash Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE AGNOSTIC.

His name was William Mullins, and he had a secret way of turning his proboscis up.

"Well, now, how do you know?" said he.

"Humph, now, how do you know?"

The agnostic.

Wasn't by no means slow.

You might be talking social like with fellows at the store.

On war, and politics, and such, and he might have the floor.

And be gettin' things down fine, and provin' that things are so.

When Mullins would stick his long nose in with 'Humph, how do you know?'

I seen that critter set in church and take a sermon in.

And turn his nose up in a sneer at death, and grace, and sin.

With no regard to time and place, or forms of er religion, he'd rise and bust the whole thing up with 'Humph, how do you know?'

He cut er grass whenever it rained, he shook his wheat up green, he cut er corn when it was frost, his nose was allus lean.

He built his stacks the big end up, er row of er stacks, and he'd rise and bust the whole thing up with 'Humph, how do you know?'

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## TO MAKE MANLY MEN

## OF THE STUDY BOYS OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

The Work to Which One Man Has Devoted His Life—A Visit to a School for Boys—The Military Feature and What It Means.

What would David Copperfield and the pupils of Mr. Squeers have thought of the boys' teacher and the boys' school, I saw yesterday.

The teacher was a man whom none would suspect of pedagogism in the old-fashioned acceptance of the term; the school was a large, bright home instead of a place where punishment and skimp food were the chief elements of misery.

We were on our way to the Moreland Park Military academy, and Mr. Neel, the teacher to whom I refer, was telling me of his work, of his school, and of how he loved to teach them.

"And you actually love to teach?" I asked. "Indeed I do. I suppose it is because I am successful. I like to train boys, to see them grow into clear, intelligent lives. I have found that if boys are treated as gentlemen they seldom forget the right to such consideration. I never allow my teachers or myself to question the word of a scholar without absolute proof. When a boy comes to me and tells me that his word has been doubted by a teacher, I have the matter thoroughly investigated to see which one is right."

And this was

## THE SECRET OF MR. NEEL'S SUCCESS.

I understood, now, all about one of my schoolmates who had received her ground-work of knowledge from him. She came to my home at fifteen and was decidedly the most thorough scholar and the best girl in school. She never told stories nor peeped in her book, nor did anything sly, and it used actually to seem a pleasure to her to recite the lessons she knew so well.

Often have I heard her quote Mr. Neel, always with tenderest affection and admiration. It seemed odd to hear a teacher spoken of as a sort of older and superior comrade, but I understood it fully, looking at and talking to the man beside me.

The dying sun was casting long, gold shafts of light over hill and field as we neared the home on the hill at Moreland Park. The house and academy are upon a lofty eminence giving a clear view of the surrounding country. Mr. Neel's boyhood was spent on a large farm in Hancock county, and he says that in all those years he never failed to see the sun rise and set, "and," he added, "I believe that this has given strength and beauty to all my life since."

And so he has set the home for his boys on a high hill, giving them a background of clear sky and a floor of green, from which to step into the great busy market of men. They will carry these memories with them too, and often the thought of these days will return like an oasis in the desert of their hard boy lives. There is a

## PARADISE FOR BOYS.

A great roomy house surrounded by woods and field; a lake in the valley for fishing, swimming and boating; a gymnasium and splendid bath rooms; every modern convenience in the way of gas, steam heating, etc.

The academy is a magnificent building constructed with a view to perfect health and comfort. The recitation rooms are on the first floor; the second the vast hall for drilling, declamations, etc.

The teachers are all of the best. Dr. J. G. Armstrong as teacher of English literature cannot be excelled, and the lectures on Shakespeare delivered at the hands of the authorities are all worthy of publication in the best periodicals. Dr. Armstrong has a rare talent for teaching these branches, and he has made himself very much beloved and admired by his scholars.

Major E. R. Hopkins, a West Point graduate, has charge of the military and mathematical training. Mr. Neel told me of the rare compliment which Major Hopkins's scholarship received at the hands of the authorities of Princeton college, when that college conferred upon him the degree of A. M., this honor having resulted from the fact that his rare ability was shown while teaching in a school near that college.

Captain V. L. Allen, a most capable instructor, is professor of science and modern languages, and Mr. Neel has charge of the classics and a number of other branches, besides supervising every department.

I asked him about corporal punishment. "I do not believe," he said, in his rich, kindly voice, "in administering corporal punishment to pupils—that is, as a rule. I have found very few boys not amenable to milder discipline, and I believe that such boys would receive an

injury to their natures with every whipping. On the other hand, I am not of the new moral sensation school that teaches a master or parent to get down on his knees and humbly persuade and solicit obedience. There must be a thorough understanding at first between myself and my pupils. I let them know from the start that I am to be obeyed and respected—that my will is strong and that they must obey it.

This school of Professor Neel's is the largest private educational enterprise in the south, and its success is remarkable when the number of the free schools is considered. From the first it has received the indorsement and patronage of the first families in the land. Mr. Neel has been teaching twenty years, having taught a smaller school before he built this institution.

He has been patronized by Governors Gordon and Colquhoun and other distinguished men, both of our own and of sister states, and many are the compliments I have heard paid him. His system of training is indorsed and admired by all the people who have had occasion to investigate its merit, and the number of his boarding pupils has increased so that he has been

obliged to provide more dormitories. He is building a new dormitory, which he has occupied and which accommodates the boys, a beautiful home for his family which will occupy by the opening of the autumn session, leaving the large building entirely for the boys, and making the new home a place where they will all be free to come and spend pleasant evenings.

The school, as its name indicates, is a military academy. Like many others I had conceived the idea that this meant a school to train soldiers—a sort of training school for West Point, or something of the sort—and as we stood on the beautiful campus I asked why he had the military feature.

"There seems to be a more or less general misunderstanding on that point," was Mr. Neel's answer. "Far be it from me to wish to make fighting soldiers of my boys. I introduce the military for exercise, for the good health it brings, and especially for the discipline. Some years ago, at a teachers' convention, the subject of physical training was brought up, and it was maintained that boys took more exercise than study anyway, and the schools therefore did no good. I investigated the subject, and from observation I found that two-thirds of the boys, when at leisure, loafed or whittled, and the others did not take

any kind of exercise that was good for them. So I determined to have military training in my academy, and I have found it answered my purpose perfectly. Then it makes courteous, graceful gentlemen of bashful, awkward boys. It teaches them to be well-mannered and pleasant with their fellows, and they carry these good manners through life."

To this school boys have been sent from north, south and west. The delightful winter climate of Atlanta and the military training

makes it a most desirable school for northern boys suffering from any inherited or acquired pulmonary trouble. Here the mildness of the winter enables them to take the air and exercise so necessary for their weak lungs. It is good for these boys, but it is especially good for the boys of Georgia, and will, I think, connect itself to any father or mother who investigates it. It is essentially a home school—a school where the refinements of home are combined with the discipline of the military. There is to be found every possible advantage of healthy location, where the teaching is on a broad and liberal plan, and where the aim of principal and instructors is to make of the boys of Georgia manly men.

Georgia should be proud of Moreland Park. And so should Atlanta.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

## A TERRIBLE TRIP.

"I can't do it. Indeed I can't, the sight of those cars brings it all back to me and it will drive me crazy."

There was a haggard, wretched looking man standing at the entrance of the Kimball house. He was supported on each side by friends who were trying to lead him toward the depot, but the sight of the tracks and cars effected him so strangely that they were obliged to tie a handkerchief over his eyes before he could be induced to take a step in the desired direction. Even then he was blinded by the bandage and held by strong arms as he stumbled so violently that he could hardly place one foot before the other.

After watching this strange party for some time I followed them and determined when an opportunity offered I would learn the cause of the invalid's inability to look on the moving trains. Finally the blindfolded man was seated in a car and left to the care of one of his leaders while the others returned to the Kimball house. Later in the day I saw one of the gentlemen who had taken part in the morning's scene sitting alone. I approached and asked for an explanation. At first he refused to give any, but finally he consented, and said: "One year ago my friend, Joe Marks, was one of the most perfect specimens of physical strength I ever saw. He was a railroad man, and, after filling pretty much of his life on the road, he came to the place of express messenger. He was working for the Union Pacific, and last winter he had the run from Omaha to Cheyenne. The station there was far apart, so the messenger generally had a good deal of time to himself, and, as a rule, took some interesting novel along to make the time pass. Joe was given one of the new express cars, and he had it for a week. He had a good time, and, as a rule, took some interesting novel along to make the time pass. Joe was given one of the new express cars, and he had it for a week. He had a good time, and, as a rule, took some interesting novel along to make the time pass."

"One night Joe's train was detained at Ogalala by a traveling circus. They had been playing in the town for some time, and their special car had been attached to the train. Joe stood in the door of his car watching the proceedings. Finally the bell rang, and just as the train started to move, two of the circus men came rushing along the platform with a big chest on a truck. Seeing that they had no time to reach their end of the train, one of them begged Joe to let the chest be put in his car. He consented, although it was against the rules, and the men got it on board and sprang in after it just as the train gathered headway and left the little station. The men drew their chests to the end of the car nearest the engine, and then Joe let them out and locked the door behind them.

After attending to his work and building up the fire in his stove, he got out his book and began to read. He had been reading for about an hour when a strange sensation of fear began to take possession of him. He looked about him and seeing that he attributed his feelings to nervousness and went on with his book. His interest, however, was not long in waning, and he started to look about, and he could not throw off the feeling that there was danger near. Once when he glanced up he thought he saw the lid of the chest being moved. This time he moved in more, but after watching it for some time for a few minutes he convinced himself that he had been mistaken. He tried walking up and down the car, and even took his pistols and then he placed them beside him. He felt more at ease. As a last resort he took to his book again, but it was no use. Glancing up once more he was sure he saw the lid of the chest being moved. 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## "CASH, CASH, CASH."

## THE LIFE OF A SALESMAN IN A BIG DRYGOODS STORE.

Every Man Must Be Familiar With the Goods in His Department—Twelve Hours a Day—Customers Who Come Early, and Those Who Come Late—Friday Is the Same in Every Walk of Life.

"Cash! Cash! Cash!" The night hawk stood by a drygoods counter at Ryan's at an early hour—that is, early for the night hawk.

"Cash! Cash! Cash!" Up at the cashier's room in the extreme rear of the big building a young man was working for dear life wrapping up and checking off bundles, making change and seeing that all was done up in ship-shape order for the customers who thronged the store.

It was ten o'clock in the morning, and the last bundle of gingham was handed to the business-like lady who was waiting, a cloud of witnesses, in the shape of bewitching damasks enveloped in laces and laces, swooped down upon the ushers, and the night hawk stood aside and gave up a quiet half hour to diligent observation.

## THE LIFE OF A SALESMAN.

"Pretty busy life, eh?" "You bet it is. Twelve solid hours of work, with one hour for dinner," answered the salesman, who stood by the domestic counter, which was, for a few minutes, deserted.

"Who are your early purchasers?" "During the heated term we have a great many of the bachelors who come early or late so as to avoid the heat. But as a rule, the year round, we have in the early morning hours, customers bent on business. They come to buy, have made up their minds before they come, and there is little trouble in selling to them. They ask the price, and if it suits them, we have only to measure the goods."

"Who come next?" "About ten o'clock come the regular shoppers. Sometimes they want to buy, sometimes they don't. Often they look all around and go out without making a single purchase. These are the folks with plenty of time and plenty of money, and there is a go-as-you-please business. They remain out until about one o'clock, then they go home and take a nap, and by four and a half they are back again and remain with us until the electric lights flash out and signal the closing hour."

"When do you begin work?" "At seven o'clock in the morning, and we remain until six or seven at night. Then we are not busy selling goods, we are straightening them up and putting in order the tumbled and rumpled remains of my lady's investigation. Sometimes we do this in the morning early, sometimes late in the afternoon. Occasionally we have a lull in the trade about the dinner hour, then we go to setting things to rights."

## THE BARGAIN HUNTERS.

"What becomes of the fragments?" "In front of each counter there is a remnant counter. On these are tossed the remnants after the day's sales. If a customer prefers a remnant, all the salesman has to do is to step over there and show it."

"What are considered remnants?" "In piece goods, the end of a piece in which there are not enough yards to make a dress pattern; in laces and things of that sort, all the odds and ends; in shirts, single ones from broken packages; in shoes, odd sizes, and so on all the way through."

"Do you lose on remnants?" "No, we get about the original cost. All we lose is the cost of selling. You see the bargain hunters haunt these counters. Sometimes they do not really need a thing, but they see there is a bargain in it, and they secure it while they can get it cheap."

"When do they come?" "First thing Monday, after reading the Sunday's advertisements. Mondays and Saturdays are the big days. Monday the bargain hunters and shoppers generally make a rush. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday there is a regular, fashionable trade; Saturday, out of town folks and mechanics and laboring people."

## THE LUCKY DAY.

"Friday, well, there is something wrong about Friday, anyway. It is forever the dull day of the week. No matter what the inducement, in every season of the year I can run my finger across the book and before looking at the date I can pick out Friday's sales of every week."

"The jaybirds all go to —" "Yes, the jaybirds and all the balance of them go somewhere else on Friday. There is something the matter with Friday."

"Don't they jump on to you about your advertisements?" "No, they can't do that. Those advertisements are as carefully written as the finest magazine story you ever read, and every Monday morning we send up and get a dozen CONSTITUTIONS. We clip out the advertisements and post them at convenient intervals all over the store. A customer comes in and wants something that appeared in the advertisement, and all we have to do is to point to where it is posted."

"Who are your easiest customers?" "Men folks. They come in and ask for what they want. If we haven't got it we show them the thing nearest like it that we have, but they almost always reply that they don't want it. If we have the goods they buy what they ask for, say no more about it, and go on about their business."

"How are the negroes?" "They are easy. They never ask for a sample. They price the goods, and if they are home fine, they want something that they will with little trouble. Occasionally one will price a piece of goods, look at it a moment, then turn and walk along down the counter pricing at random in a way that is not at all of purchasing when they came in. We will average making a sale to twenty-four out of every twenty-five negroes who come in the store."

## HOW THE SALESMAN LEARNS.

"When a new clerk enters the store he is put to straightening up goods. He is not put behind the counter until he knows the kinds and prices of the goods, and he must have both at his tongue's end."

"How about promotion?" "A man is never promoted to a head of department until he has been in the store at least a year. They are promoted according to ability and experience. There is that floor walker, for instance. He is and must be a man who is thoroughly familiar with all the details of the business. At the end of each year the ushers who show the customers in, and then the customer meets the floor walker, shows a sample, or asks if he have a particular line of goods. He must be able to tell at a breath, and to direct the customer to the proper place to see the goods."

"Who is your busy man?" "We are all busy, but if you will observe that check man up yonder, you will see that he has work to do. He must know the price of every piece of goods in the house. When the check and the goods come up he remembers the goods, or if not, he selects what they want. He is matched and so on, compares the price charged with the check; waxes it up, passes it to the cashier, and sends it back."

"The cash boys are busy, too." "Yes, a cash boy will take up from \$3 to \$5 sales, and a salesman will average about \$50 in sales per day. These cash boys are paid from five cents to twenty-five or thirty dollars. Exceptional cases where the sale runs up gives the clerk some times a day of over a hundred dollars in sales. One cash boy will walk on three or four salesmen."

"Who sees after the goods sold or left un-

## AT THE BATH.

## AUGUSTA IMITATING THE NORTH-ERN IDEA.

The Fair Ones Can Now Indulge Their Fancy—"Ladies' Day at the Natatorium"—Burch's Pond.

AUGUSTA, Ga., July 24.—[Special.]—Augusta is a step ahead of any inland town in this section of the country in the matter of swimming schools.

Even at the present practice of ladies going in the surf in abbreviated skirts was not until recent years accepted as an entirely innocent pastime by all people. The idea of a lot of young men and women going to swim together in an ordinary fresh water pond would not have been dreamed of a few years ago, and so far as I know, is not practiced in any other city in Georgia or Carolina. At Hot Springs, N. C., there is a swimming pool at the hotel, and there is one at the Ponce de Leon in Florida, but I know of no others in this section.

But this summer Augusta has taken quite an advanced step in this direction, and two ponds which have been fitted up with dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen are patronized liberally every day.

The ladies who cannot go to the seashore have sensibly determined that there is no more reason why they should not enjoy the pleasure of a swim than their more fortunate friends who enter the surf, and accordingly they have gotten out their bathing suits and are having a good time at home.

## HOW THE PONDS ARE CONDUCTED.

In the city a natatorium has been fitted up by a stock company and it is open constantly for anybody who wishes to take a plunge. Single baths in which towels, and all needed paraphernalia are provided by the company can be had for twenty-five cents, or six for a dollar.

Certain days in each week are known as "ladies' days," and on these no gentleman is admitted unless accompanied by a lady.

The same rules obtain at Burch's pond which is four miles from the city. This has been a popular swimming pond for men and boys for years, but not until this summer was the idea of having "ladies' days" ever dreamed of. This summer, however, the pond has been nicely fitted up with ladies dressing rooms and every convenience to be had at the seashore, and the ladies' days are the most popular of the week. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons are ladies' days at this pond, and Wednesday and Friday at the others, so that the ladies can get a swim on almost any day in the week. And it is a pretty sight to see them decked out in their natty little suits of flannel and braid, and splashing or swimming around.

## THE LADIES SWIM AND DIVE.

Some of the young ladies swim well already, and many others are learning. They go in with their mothers or somebody else's brother, and, though there is a good deal of laughter and amusement, some go in to learn how to swim and are quite faithful and earnest in their efforts. Some of them have become so much at home in the water that they dive from the springboard. I cannot say that it is altogether a graceful performance, or that it is a very skillful exhibition of diving, but it at least shows a considerable amount of confidence on the part of the young lady, and is not without its attractions to the lookers-on.

The water ranges from two to ten feet in depth, and gives ample scope for all kinds of swimming and diving. Fifty or sixty young people at a time may be seen diving and splashing about in the water. The ponds, and, though an inland town, Augusta will rival some seashore resorts in its patronage of bathing suits. There is no more healthful pastime than swimming, and the opportunity when it is afforded them.

There is money for the man who will open up a good swimming pond in or near Atlanta, and it will cost him a considerable sum of money to build a pond, and to furnish it with a high fence which shuts out the public view, and have ladies' days on which no gentleman will be admitted without a lady.

## THE SAVANNAH RIVER BRIDGE.

The transition from water to a bridge is an easy one, and the people of Augusta have found the Savannah river bridge a fruitful topic. It will be remembered that the bridge across the Savannah river to Hamburg, S. C., was washed away by the high water last September. At the time there was a strong disposition on a large part of the community to rebuild the bridge at a point further up town than that occupied by the old bridge, and to make it an iron bridge with stone piers. The matter was discussed on the streets, in the papers and in the court of public opinion. The friends of the old site won on the ground that the old bridge could be repaired for about one-fifth of what it would cost to build a new one, and in a very much shorter time.

It was the desire of everybody to get the bridge back as soon as possible; and to save all unnecessary expense so the council voted to repair the old bridge. Bids were received, and \$12,000 was appropriated for the purpose. The work had not gone far before it was shown that changes would be necessary in the plans proposed, and the appropriation was run up to \$34,000. This caused a considerable stir, but it was only a starter, and from time to time since, change after change and delay after delay have occurred, until the public patience has become impatient, and the bridge has become a sore spot in the side of the city administration. It is now promised that it will be ready for passengers the first of September, but one year, lacking ten days, since it was swept away.

## A TOLL BRIDGE.

In the old days this used to be a toll bridge. But several years ago a black eye was realized that the gates of a city should be thrown open wide to all comers, without restriction and without price. Accordingly tolls were abolished, and the city has since been a free city. But now the chairman of the bridge committee of council, Mr. J. H. Breckenridge, has introduced an ordinance, which has been read and discussed, and which provides for tolls on the new bridge. This has caused another murmur of dissent in the community, and the ordinance will be fought in a determined manner. It is safe to say that no measure has ever given an administration a blacker eye than this same river bridge business, and the people will testify their feeling in the matter when the re-election of the present members shall come before them.

The last appropriation for the bridge was secured by the agreement on the part of the contractor to go ahead with the work, and take his pay out of the tolls. The bridge was completed. This in a measure commuted the tolls, but the people do not want a toll bridge, and will probably have something to say in the matter if council shall place tolls upon it.

Altogether this bridge business has been a hot bed from beginning to end, and it will be a long time before the administration hears the last of it. A new iron bridge with stone piers could have been built at any point along the river front for the sum which council has expended in putting up one which is not so stable or valuable.

## A PROSPEROUS CONCERN.

The Augusta Brewing company is a young enterprise in Augusta which has caught on. It has been running only a few months, and already enlargements are being made in several departments, and a large number of beer has the call on all the thirsty men of this locality. It is being shipped to adjacent towns on all the railroads, and has already gotten as far as Madison on the Georgia road. Perhaps before long it will divide honors with the Augusta watermelon in the cities of the state.

## A CENTRAL TICKET OFFICE.

The latest matter of interest in Augusta just now is the securing of more convenient accommodations for the railroads in the way of a centrally located ticket office. The department is removed from the business part of the city, and any one going off is obliged to go out to the depot for information about trains, tickets, and schedules, and it is claimed that the department is not always obtainable there even after the trip is taken. A demand is now being made on the railroads to establish in the business part of the city, an office where travelers can go and leave anything they want to know, and procure tickets to any point. President Carlisle, of the exchequer, has the matter in hand and will urge it before the several roads centering here.

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## NATIONAL CASH REGISTER!

PREVENTS MISTAKES IN MAKING CHANGE!  
Our Self-Adder Will Enable You to Balance Your Orders of \$1,000 in Three Minutes.  
THE ONLY RELIABLE SELF-ADDER  
INFRINGES ON NO PATENTS—NO SUITS TO CONTEND WITH!

## NOW IF YOU

made money in your business you can afford it. If you have not it will help you make money now.

## IT IS FOR GROCERS.

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C. J. Kamper, A. W. Faringer, Robert Dohme, Peter Lynch, E. H. Corlett, T. C. Mayson, Edward Kidwell, D. G. Baker, E. E. Bates, J. P. Laird & Co., J. B. Meil.

## IT IS FOR DRUGGISTS.

ASK Theo. Schuman, C. O. Tyner, Stoney, Gregory & Co., Sharp Bros., Jacobs' Pharmacy.

## IT IS FOR BUTCHERS.

J. R. Bidgood, Tye & Co., W. E. Johnson.

## IT IS FOR CONFECTIONERS.

ASK Frank E. Block, J. H. Nunnally, W. J. Garner, Hany & Son, 2.

## IT IS FOR RESTAURANTS.

ASK W. R. Rendant, 2 Kattenhorn & Vignaux, Folsom's.

## IT IS FOR BARS.

ASK John Faith, Will Faith, Aug. Flesch, 3, Phil Brientenbuecher, 3, Blumenthal & Bickett, W. A. Costley, C. P. Johnson, 2, James Johnson, D. B. Hollis, James Campbell, L. Steinau, S. Marks & Co., 2, W. C. Boggan, A. Daus, S. S. Moore, Vernoy & Co., John S. Holland, D. C. Loeb and many other merchants.

## For Prices, terms and other particulars address:

## NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

63 Whitehall, Atlanta, Ga.

July 24-25-26

## A TITLED HUCKSTER.

Prince Murat's Checkered Career in and About Trenton.

TRENTON, N. J., July 24.—Aside from the fact that this city was the scene of a fierce and decisive battle of the revolutionary war, in which the troops were led by the immortal Washington, Trenton is a city of historic note. It was here that Prince Murat, of France, lived in wealth, and where he struggled for bread in the loneliest walks of life. He was driven from France by enemies, and sought refuge in America, first taking up his residence with his kinsman Joseph Bonaparte, at Bordentown.

The old mansion where the two French noblemen dwelt, though it has fallen somewhat into decay from neglect and age, still stands on the summit of a high bluff overlooking Crosswick's creek, the wonderful and picturesque beauty of which has been so graphically described by Dr. Charles C. Abbott in his work entitled "Plant and Animal Life." It is surrounded by magnificent specimens of American forestry with wide spreading branches and deep foliage, and is now known as Bonaparte park. As far as the eye can reach, the stretch of the Bordentown meadows, remarkable for their luxuriance and picturesque beauty of vegetation.

It was in this beautiful place that Joseph Murat dwelt. They were both fond of that might some day be surprised by their enemies, and so provided many avenues of escape. Almost as soon as they began occupancy the mansion they passed his time in all kinds of dissipation, gratifying every passion. In a short time he had run through his fortune and in order to maintain existence was obliged to go to work. His relatives in France hearing of his drunken habits refused to aid him, and so he moved to Trenton and took up his abode in a modest little dwelling on the site now occupied by the New Jersey Steel and Iron works.

So one ever dreamed that the seedy young huckster (for he drove a huckster's wagon) would ever be restored as a prince of the empire of France, and the poor laborer who extended him a helping hand, and occasionally lent him small sums of money when he was "short," never anticipated being repaid, as they were in a very substantial manner.

The prince maintained a hand-to-mouth existence for nearly a year, selling fruits and garden truck for a living. Finally he went to work altogether on the farm, which is about two miles from this city and known as the Harlan estate. The principal duty of the young Frenchman was to drive into the town with milk. He was of quite a sentimental nature, and made love to all the pretty girls in the neighborhood, and proposed marriage to at least a score of them, and was refused in every case. He was seedy-looking and not altogether comely, and the girls undoubtedly feared his hand, and he was a prince of the great French empire they would have acted differently.

Finally the prince received word that his kinsmen were no longer unfavorable to him and that a fortune and vast estates awaited him in France. He made all haste to begin his new life. He returned to France, came into his possessions, and married happily. He had two sons and two daughters. The two latter married Italian noblemen. The eldest son came to the United States and settled in the south, devoted himself to scientific pursuits and wrote essays on the institutions of America.

There are perhaps a few impoverished old women in Trenton who now wish they had married the milkman of forty years ago, whose younger son is now thought to be a brilliant catch for rich Miss Gwendoline Caldwell, of this city.

## FAST BLACK STOCKINGS.

F. F. Robinson Dye.

TRADE MARK.

"CLEANFAST"

We guarantee an absolutely clean, fast color which will improve by washing. The wearing quality is unsurpassed.

Some genuine without our trade mark on each pair. We have also Darning Cotton of the same dye. Send for price list. Order by mail.

Sold only at Atlanta by Chas. Berlin, Johnson & Co.

## WHITE-HOUSE AGENTS WANTED.

COOK-BOOK

GOOD MEN WANTED to handle the great

"HORSE-BOOK & STOCK-DOCTOR."

13 Departments. 750 Engravings. Sales Sure—Fast.

80 Days Time. N. D. THOMPSON PUB. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

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W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

\$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.

Best in the World. Extends his

\$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOES.

\$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOES.

\$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS' SHOES.

\$3.25 EXTRA VALUE CALF SHOES.

\$2.50 WORKINGMAN'S SHOES.

\$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.

Examine W. L. Douglas \$2.00 shoes for gentlemen and ladies.

G. H. & A. W. FORCE, PRICE & FOSTER.

33 Whitehall Street, New York City.

JOLA V. WRIGHT vs. WILLIAM Y. WRIGHT.

Suit for divorce in Fulton superior court No. 23.

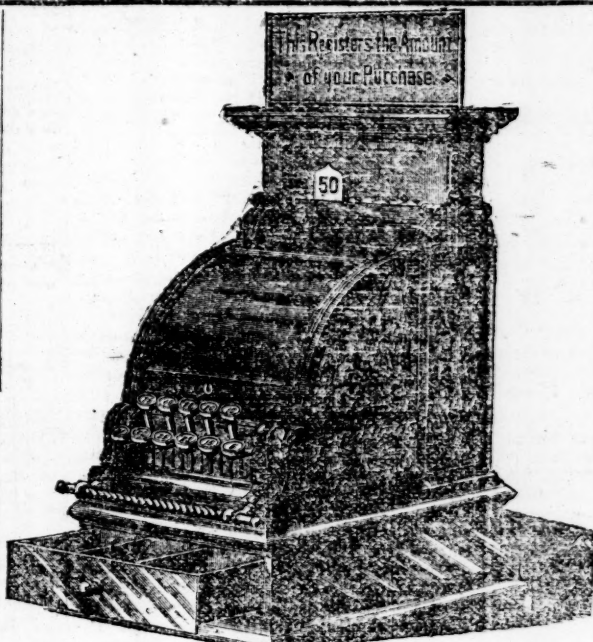
Spring term, 1889. Appearing to the court that the defendant in the above stated case does not reside in the state of Georgia, and has not been served with a copy of the petition and process in the above stated case, it is ordered that he be served by publication and that he show cause at the next term of said court why the prayers in plaintiff's petition should not be granted.

This April 15, 1889. The order be published once a month for two months, before the next term of this court, in Atlanta Constitution; a newspaper published in said county. This April 15, 1889. SIMMONS & CORRIGAN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

By the Court: MARSHALL J. CLARKE, Judge.

I certify that the above is a true and correct copy as appears of record in this office. This May 7, 1889. G. H. TANNER, Clerk.

may7jun10 jul10 aug10



Makes NO Mistakes—Infringes on No Patents! Safe, Sure and Reliable.

## SODA WATER STANDS.

Walter Venable's, 2, Stoney, Gregory & Co., Schumann's, Tyner's, Beermann & Silverman, 2.

## BOOK AND NEWS STANDS AND OTHERS.

Bolles & Bruckner, John Miller, Woods Starnes-Beaumont Co., Rock Laundry Co.

## FAST TENNESSEE VA. &amp; GA. RAILWAY.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

## WATCH REPAIRING!

A LARGE FORCE OF SKILLED WORKMEN and all modern machinery gives us superior facilities in this line. Send watches for repairs by express at our expense.

FREEMAN & CRANKSHAW, JEWELERS.

## OPIUM

**THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.**  
We do not claim to furnish the cheapest material, cheapest labor, or to be cheap and commonplace in any particular. There is nothing cheap about us. We make the best that this or any other market affords and deal in only the best. Mantles, Stairs, Interior and Exterior finish in every kind of wood, are our specialties. We keep also a first-class stock of Hardwood Lumber of all kinds.

GEORGE S. MAY & CO.,  
141 West Mitchell Street.

## DON'T DELAY!

Your Eyes Are Growing  
Worse Every Day.

You Should Have Some New  
Glasses.

You Should Have the Best!

WE KEEP THAT KIND.

There are no better made than ours. Come at once and see how much we can help your eyes.

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E. A. MASSA,

MANUFACTURER OF

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FLAVORING EXTRACTS,

Worcestershire Sauce,

FRENCH MUSTARD, HORSE RADISH,

TOMATO CATSUP, SALAD DRESSINGS

DEALER AND PACKER OF

Olive, Olive Oil, Capers, &c., &c.

No. 8 N. Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.

G. W. ADAIR,

Real Estate.

I have for sale a nice 6 room brick cottage with

gas, water and bath room, one block from new capitol.

A splendid 7 room cottage with water, gas, etc.,

close in on West street.

An elegant brick residence on Luckie st., near in.

Large house and fine lot on Walton street.

A neat cottage, close in, on Spring street.

7 room cottage on Church street.

4 large tracts that can be subdivided. Money in

them.

Beautiful 20 acre tract at Clifton on Georgia R. R.

Large lot in Grove on West Peachtree street.

Vacant and improved property in the pretty little

town of West End, street cars, schools, churches

brick sidewalks, paved streets and cheap taxes.

Vacant and improved property near E. T. Va. and

6th railroad shops.

6 beautiful lots east on Marietta st., near Halman's

power factory.

If you want to buy or sell come in and talk with

me. If your rent business is needing prompt, care-

ful attention, bring it into my office where every-

thing is attended to "jam up." I have my rent de-

partment well regulated and systematized and give

special attention to that department.

G. W. ADAIR, 5 Kimball house,

8p Wall street.

## Felt, Cement &amp; Gravel Roofing

## ARTIFICIAL STONE PAVEMENTS

For Sidewalks, Cellar, Stable and Brewery Floors

## COAL TAR CONCRETE

For Sidewalks, Filling in Basements, Etc.

## TWO AND THREE-PLY READY ROOFING.

Tin Roofs Replaced and Painted.

## WATER PROOF BUILDING PAPERS.

Curry's A-Sure Preventive of Moths.

## PORTLAND CEMENT FOR SALE.

S. L. FOSTER & CO.,

29 South Peach Street, Atlanta, Ga.

## HUTCHISON &amp; BRO

PHARMACISTS,

14 Whitehall Street,

Keep constantly on hand a complete assortment of

every kind of goods found in a retail drug store. A

full line of hair beautifiers, tooth brushes and tooth

brushes, combs, soap, extracts and other arti-

cles too numerous to mention. We invite a care-

ful inspection of our stock before buying. In the

patent medicine line we give a few sample prices:

S. S. S., large size, 50c

Alcock's Pore Plaster, genuine, 25c

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, 40c

Crow's Tooth Wash, 40c

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, 40c

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, 40c

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Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, 40c

## AMONG THE DANES.

MISS AURELIA ROACH WRITES FROM  
NORTHERN EUROPE.

Strange Scenes in Strange Lands—Up the  
Elbe—A Day in Hamburg—The Sights in  
Copenhagen.

Special Correspondence The Constitution.

HOTEL KING OF DENMARK, Copenhagen,  
July 7.—When I first looked out of my por-  
t-hole on the morning of July 2, I knew we were  
in the Elbe. Pretty, red-tiled cottages were  
passed in quick succession. From the vast  
number I gathered that each vessel owned a  
separate windmill. These are much different  
from the modern American affair, and though  
clumsy and awkward add a certain charm to  
the scene. About 9 o'clock we were trans-  
ferred to the river steamer and went rapidly  
toward Hamburg. I was asked to go  
forward to watch the ever changing scene and  
beautiful panorama. We were rejoiced by the  
appearance of some real castles.

The Elbe can boast of this picturesque adorn-  
ment as well as the Rhine. We reached the  
steamer. After much trouble, long wait-  
ing (an excellent lesson in patience), we were  
served with sandwiches, lemonade and  
omelette. We were rather prejudiced against  
the omelette, which was heavily coated with  
sugar. Upon trying it, found it eminently  
satisfactory. After we reached Hamburg we  
were driven immediately to the customhouse.

Mr. with his usual foresight, secured  
the best outside seats on the bus for us. Here  
we stationed ourselves and had an excellent  
view of the city. We stopped at the custom  
house where our bags were casually examined.  
Mr. Barrett remained and waited for the trunk  
examination. One thing that struck me was  
the uniform condition of the people—every  
one seems to have this means of clothing  
his occupation. The soldier, the cabman,  
butcher, baker and candle-stick-maker, all  
seem to be uniformed. Cars drawn by dogs  
and assisted by the owners, were quite a novel  
sight. Then the flower-girls with broad  
brimmed hats, tied behind with  
flaps like a wind-mill and the  
market women, with basket pendant from  
yokes worn over the shoulders, all were new  
experiences. The situation of Hotel de l'Europe  
is magnificent. It fronts the beautiful  
Alster basin which is supplied by the canals.  
Here numerous little steam, row and sail boats  
are constantly plying. A walk was proposed  
when we reached the hotel. Nothing availed  
touching terra firma, I accepted. We had not  
walked far, however, before it began to rain  
and we were forced to beat a retreat.

Later on I went shopping. Returning  
to the hotel a friend suggested that I try  
an oar on the Alster basin. The row  
d'house was delightful so it was not a man-  
nise quarrel we spent. At table d'hôte we were  
stared at by some Britishers. I remarked to  
my neighbor that one of the girls evidently  
found something attractive about him. He  
replied: "You're mistaken; she is looking at  
Blank putting his knife in his mouth." Dinner  
over we again went rowing. One of the  
young ladies assisted in the rowing, one  
steered, while they left it to me to feed the  
swans. Some philanthropist, who could afford  
suffering humanity, left a legacy for the main-  
tenance of the swans on Alster Basin. They  
are quite tame and ate from my hand. After  
a row down stream we passed through the  
locks and went by canal  
through the business portion of the  
town. Our row was followed by a visit to the  
exposition. We also went to the Anstellig; here  
we spent several hours. The  
twilight is exceedingly long; it is not dark  
when we left the grounds after ten o'clock.

The boat around the grounds were beauti-  
fully and tastefully arranged. The switch-  
back and electric lights were there. We heard  
fine music, bought bon-bons, beer and coffee,  
visited the different buildings and walked  
over the grounds. We next went to the mu-  
seum of antiquities, art galleries, and cathed-  
rals. I will not bore you with details. Suffi-  
cient to say, I enjoyed most seeing a Meuse-  
river, Millais, and the world renowned "Judith"  
by Guido Reni.

On the fourth I went to breakfast early, and  
was presented with an American flag by the  
only truly enthusiastic member of our party.  
At 9 we left the hotel, and were driven to the  
station, where we took the boat for  
Lubeck. This is a picturesque, quaint old  
place, and is one of the three cities of  
Germany. It was founded in 1140, and many  
of the historic buildings still remain. The old  
stone gateway through which one enters the  
town is a remarkably substantial and a beauti-  
ful piece of gothic architecture. On an arch is  
seen 1641. This is only one old and renowned  
building; the town is teeming with them.

I had rather trust to a verbal description,  
because I do not hasten I will never reach  
Copenhagen. We lunched on the Holland,  
which brought us to Copenhagen. After lunch  
we sauntered leisurely through the town.  
There were lovely places to arrest the eye and  
attention.

The time passed rapidly; we were horrified  
to find that we had only fifteen minutes in  
which to catch the boat, and were a mile from  
the landing. Then and there I had a revelation.  
Once I can ever remember. We reached the  
boat, panting and breathless, just in time to  
seat ourselves comfortably before the boat  
was off.

The Travel at Lubeck is not particularly pretty  
but where it empties into the Baltic at Trave-  
nuder it is surprisingly lovely. The sun went  
down half-past eight. We spent the night  
on the Baltic sea.

Copenhagen was reached at 8:30. The exami-  
nation of trunks was a mere farce; they were  
only opened. The Hotel Kongen of Denmark,  
where we are stopping, is nicely appointed and  
is recommended by Bradshaw as the best in  
Copenhagen. The walls of the diningroom are  
in opaline tiles, set in brass. The effect is  
charming. It quite reminds one of a palace.  
Our rooms are large and wonderfully airy.

The people of Copenhagen have only two  
months of summer. It is now spring, and we  
are enjoying the delicacies of the season,  
delicious cherries, goose and raspberries. Our  
first visit after breakfast was made to the  
Royal art gallery. I do not think much of  
Danish art, but perhaps not being a connoisseur,  
I am unable to give an opinion of any work.  
The ladies of the party were the only ones who  
assisted in this art feast.

Now comes the most interesting thing I have  
yet seen—Thorwaldsen's gallery. One may  
dream and dream, and yet never have any con-  
ception of the transcendental loveliness of  
Christ until Thorwaldsen's master piece is seen.  
His Venus, Hebe, Adonis, Mercury,  
Psyche, the frieze relating Alexander's tri-  
umphal march beggar description.

After dinner, the question of going to the  
circus was discussed. Our chaperones were  
fully consulted, and as they did not disapprove,  
we indulged in this mild dissipation.

edifice has been in process of building three  
hundred years.  
The Church of Our Lady, which contains  
Thorwaldsen's "Christ and Apostles," was  
next visited. Then followed the home of  
Thorwaldsen, the Bonise built in 1643, the  
Round Tower, where Peter the Great drove  
four horses up an incline plane.

The tower is 110 feet, the plane is  
very long. We were breathless when we  
reached the top.  
In the court of Thorwaldsen's gallery is his  
grave. I committed a slight vandalism by car-  
rying off an ivy leaf. Afterwards a small  
party of us took the car and went to Tivoli.  
The Tivoli is a great pleasure ground. Every-  
thing in the way of amusement is to be found  
there.

We went to see the Chinese jugglers, heard  
the Mikado, went to a Chinese theater, walked  
over the grounds, and finally lost ourselves in  
the labyrinth. When on the ragged edge of  
despair we found other members of our party in  
the same predicament, but by united efforts we  
were enabled to join the festive scene once more.  
On our return we were utterly exhausted and  
retired early.

This morning I breakfasted at ten. Now, I  
will give you an account of my last day in  
Copenhagen. I had just begun a letter home  
when I was asked to go to Klampenborg to see  
the races. It is Sunday—you must not be  
horrified at what I am going to tell you. I  
said I would like to go, but it was not proper.  
However, after much persuasion, my escort  
overcame the religious scruples of our  
chaperone. I then acquiesced in going, procured  
the guide, and went to the loveliest spot  
around Copenhagen—King's deer park.

The ride was an hour by boat. We lunched  
at a way side inn, where the waiter was much  
impressed by my escort's American liberality,  
and gave me some lovely roses. This is a gala  
fete day in Copenhagen. Royalty attended the  
annual race. The crown prince was the judge.  
The Princess Louise, her young son and daugh-  
ter had seats near us. Their seats were better  
arranged than ours, and I suppose, were more  
comfortable, for we sat on a hard, backless  
bench and they in velvet chairs. The princess  
is a daughter of Charles XV. of Sweden. She  
was nicely dressed in white nun's veiling,  
wore a red bonnet loaded with plumes;  
her gown was ill fitting. Her little  
girl and boy were like ordinary  
American children minus the intelligent  
look. The young prince of eighteen stood  
with his father on the stand. The races were  
fine. The hunting park is very large, and  
stocked with 3,000 deer. Six hundred are sac-  
rificed for royalty's sweet sake every year.  
The guide left us on entering the town.

We will leave Copenhagen tomorrow at 8  
a. m. for Göteborg. I have had such fun I do  
not want to go.  
I am sure I have begun to live. Every  
one here thinks life a pleasure and not a space  
of pain and sorrow.  
It is 10 o'clock a. m. and I have all my pack-  
ing to do. In Atlanta it is 6, I think you  
must be enjoying the front porch.

AURELIA ROACH.

## MEXICO'S WHITE HOUSE.

The Magnificent Pile of Marble that Maxi-  
milian Once Occupied.

From the Omaha Bee.

President Diaz has moved his official resi-  
dence out to the castle of Chapultepec, which be-  
comes more and more a place of retirement since the un-  
lucky Maximilian and his charming wife lived  
there—the "white house" of Mexico.  
Chapultepec is one of the loveliest spots in Mex-  
ico. It is unique in itself as well as in its name—  
"the hill of the grasshopper."  
Montezuma made his summer home here, and an  
underground passage still in existence, was made,  
by his direction to a point in the valley below, so  
that he could escape in case of danger, and as he  
pleased. Under the old cypress trees in the park  
the conqueror Cortes pitched his tent after the cele-  
brated "Noche Triste," or night of sorrow, when  
the Aztecs fell upon the Spaniards and massacred  
them.

Here Maximilian and the unfortunate Carlotta  
made love as they promenade the magnificent  
marble terraces which were built by order of the  
"Austrian Grand Duke."  
The Austro-Mexican army fought a bloody but de-  
cisive battle—one which has made the queer word  
Chapultepec familiar to American ears. One might  
relate numerous historical incidents connected  
with the battle, but the place itself demands some de-  
scription.  
Imagine a park of one thousand acres, covered  
with a dense growth of cypress, many of the trees  
over a hundred feet high, and some as old as the  
pyramids. The gray sandstone, moss-covered  
columns of the scene. In the center of this park, the  
old aqueduct forming the barrier on the fourth,  
rises a precipitous mountain. It is such a term will ex-  
press the idea. This mound is composed princi-  
pally of rock, and is probably two hundred feet in  
height. There is but one road to the top, the  
road being inaccessible, except by this single  
route.

Upon the very apex stands the castle, completely  
covering the space, so that no matter from which  
direction you look there is a sheer descent of nearly  
one hundred feet. The castle was built in sections,  
and presents no singular feature of architecture,  
except a peculiar double staircase that seems to  
have no supports. When Maximilian first saw the  
structure he remarked to the architect that he  
thought it was a very bad joke. The architect re-  
plied: "The staircase is the only one of its kind  
in existence, and is built of white marble and  
brass."

The terraces at Chapultepec are one of the sights  
of Mexico. They are floored with white marble,  
with brass balustrades and lighted by electricity.  
The upper terrace extends the entire distance  
around the castle and is twenty-four feet broad.  
Lovely little flower gardens are located at frequent  
intervals, and here are blooming geraniums, fuchsias,  
holerops and magnolias, making the scene  
rich with perfume and adding to the brightness of  
the scene.

The furnishing of the castle for the reception of  
President Diaz has been very elaborate. The private  
apartments are in the northwest wing. Each  
room is frescoed appropriately. The chess room  
has a chess room in the center of the ceiling with  
the bishops, kings and queens in a merry dance  
about it, the pawns furnishing appropriate music  
from the four corners of the room.

The private reception parlor of the president's  
wife is "done up" in pink silk with plush and bro-  
cade hangings. Every wall in the entire  
suite of rooms is covered with silk or velvet instead  
of paper. The bedroom occupied by the president  
and his wife was decorated and furnished at an expense  
of \$30,000. The dining room has a seating capacity  
that is limited to thirty persons. The magnificent  
Maximilian is to be used, but the china and glass  
were not in keeping with the royal magnificence  
of the silver; one of the soup tureens requires four  
men to carry it when filled.

President Diaz is greatly loved by his followers,  
and he will doubtless make the castle of Chapulte-  
pec quite as brilliant as it was in the days when the  
Austrian Emperor Maximilian drove there eight  
gray horses and golden state chariot up the hill and  
made the castle ring from above to gallery, from  
rampart to the entrance galls with glee. Mrs.  
Diaz is a most brilliant woman and can entertain  
royally should she take the notion. All Mexico  
has its eyes upon her, and it remains with her  
to add immeasurably to the gayeties of the capital.

Neal Dow on Smoking.

From the Chicago Mail.

General Neal Dow is as much opposed to  
smoking as to drinking. The Lewiston, Me.,  
Journal says: Many years ago, before there were  
any railroads, a man traveling in a stage coach  
with Dow one day lighted a cigar.

"I wish you would stop smoking, sir," said Dow.

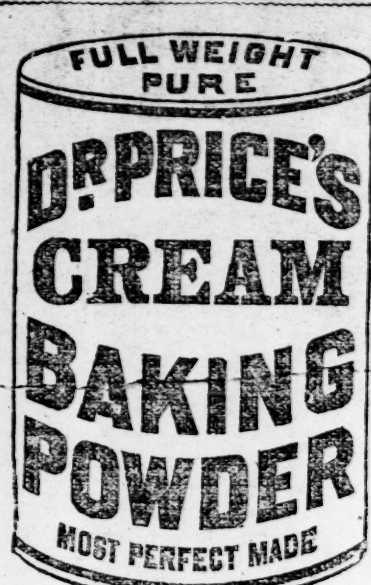
"Is smoking offensive to you?" the man asked.

"Well, I'll stop as soon as I've finished this cigar."

Without another word Dow suddenly reached  
forward, pulled the cigar from the man's lips and  
threw it into the road.

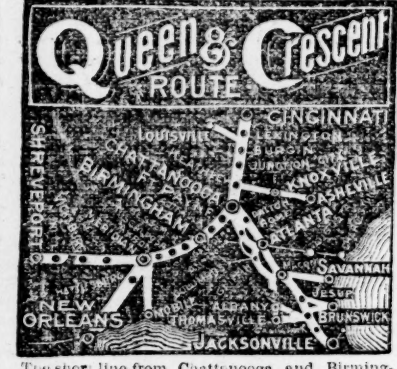
The man stared up, but looked at the well-knit  
figure of his fellow passenger, regarded the bright  
light in his eyes—and cooled off.

## PRICE'S BAKING POWDER.



Its superior excellence proven in millions of  
homes for more than a quarter of a century. Its  
use by the United States Government. Endorse  
by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strong-  
est, Purest and Most Healthful. Dr. Price's is the  
only Baking Powder that does not contain Ammo-  
nia Lime or Alum. Sold only in Cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,  
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS.



The short line from Chattanooga and Birming-  
ham to New Orleans.

Direct connection is made for Texas, Mexico and  
California.

Only eleven hours from Chattanooga to Cincin-  
nati, with through trains and no change.

Direct connection made in Cincinnati for the  
northwest, north and east. St. Louis, Chicago,  
Cleveland, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Canada, New  
York and Boston.

D. J. Mulaney, Division Passenger Agent, Chat-  
tanooga, Tenn.

General Manager, D. G. Edwards, G.  
P. and T. A., Cincinnati, O.



DOMESTIC AMMONIA is sold of the same strength as  
commercial ammonia water, at less than half the  
price, and is the purest and most reliable material in the  
world. Used according to directions, one table-  
spoonful is equal to one-third of a pound of best  
soda. When used with either hot or cold water, it  
leaves the skin smooth and soft, and does not in-  
jure the most delicate fabrics. All preparations of  
potash, soda or lime roughen and irritate the skin  
and rapidly destroy clothes.

## DIRECTIONS.

For the Laundry—Suck the clothes over night in  
cold water containing one tablespoonful of ammo-  
nia to a full of water, wringing the most solid parts.  
In the morning wring, then out, put them on the  
table and soap well. Then put the clothes into the  
boiler filled with cold water, and only one-half a  
tablespoonful of ammonia to a full of water. After  
the boiler is packed full, put it on the fire till it  
boils; then rinse the clothes thoroughly in two warm  
waters and one clear water, and then blue them.  
Fur and blankets soaked a few minutes in a  
pail of water containing one tablespoonful, and one-  
fourth the usual amount of soap, and rubbed as  
little as possible, will become perfectly white with-  
out shrinking.

Clothes stained or soiled in the sick room, soaked  
over night in a pail of water, with two table-  
spoonfuls of Domestic Ammonia, can be rinsed clean in  
common water.

To clean and brighten silks, laces and woolen  
goods—Soak with water containing a little Dom-  
estic Ammonia.

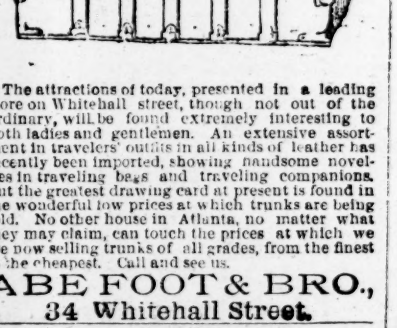
For the Toilet—Use half a teaspoonful to a basin of  
water, or one tablespoonful for the bath tub. It  
will give absolute cleanliness, destroy all odor and  
prevent irritation, and leave the skin in a per-  
fectly smooth, soft and healthy condition.

—PRICE 15 CENTS.—

Prepared at JACOBI'S Pharmacy.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

## SPLENDID ATTRACTIONS.



The attractions of today, presented in a leading  
store on Whitehall street, though not out of the  
ordinary, will be found extremely interesting to  
both ladies and gentlemen. An extensive assort-  
ment in traveling bags and traveling companions.  
But the greatest drawing card at present is found in  
the wonderful low prices at which trunks are being  
sold. No other house in Atlanta, no matter what  
they may carry, can touch the prices at which we  
are now selling trunks of all grades, from the finest  
to the cheapest. Call and see us.

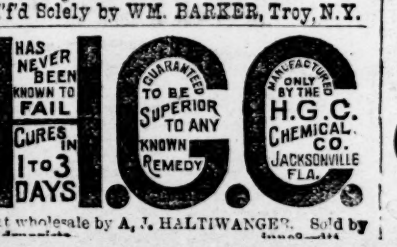
ABE FOOT & BRO.,  
34 Whitehall Street.

## THE BYRON ROLL COLLAR.

COMFORTABLE AND ELEGANT.

For Sale by Leading Dealers.

M'd Soley by WM. BARKER, Troy, N.Y.





DRY GOODS.

TRUNKS.

CROCKERY.

## KEELY COMPANY'S CLEARANCE SALES CONTINUED!

Reductions which really Reduce. One more Week of Bona Fide Cut Price Sale. All Summer Goods, ALL REMNANTS, ALL ODDS AND ENDS TO GO IN THIS FINAL SALE.

Fine Printed Lawns 2½c. Perfect goods not remnants.	French tiste 7½c. yard wide.	Ba-Full	Swiss Embroidery, 45 inches wide \$1.10, reduced from \$2.50	Fine India Linen 40 inch wide 7½c. would be a bargain at 12½c.
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EVERY ITEM A BARGAIN! EVERY DAY A BARGAIN DAY.

All Goods go as Advertised! None Reserved.

IT WILL BE THE  
UNVARYING RULE

—OF—  
**KEELY COMPANY**

To carry over no goods from one season to another. This is to protect our customers, for we wish to have them feel that they are always getting from us

Fresh and Reliable Goods.

With this determination in view we shut our eyes to values and bid farewell to profits.

Summer Fabrics

Are to be had at

Your Own Price.

The last week of the

EMBROIDERY CLEARANCE.

Skirtings go regardless of values. Mull Flouncings in 22 inch and 27 inch widths go at prices which

HAVE BEEN HALVED.

Finest \$1 qualities for 50c.  
Best \$1.25 values for 65c.  
Daintiest \$1.50 goods 75c.

SWISS FULL FLOUNCES

Have been sold out until we have but a few left. These are of the very high grades.

We Must Clear Them This Week

\$1.50

FOR CHOICE OF LOT.

Former prices \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75.

\$3. Hemstitched goods in same proportion:

\$2 value, \$1.25.

\$2.50 style, \$1.50.

\$3 quality, \$1.75.

## KEELY COMPANY'S BONANZA SALES.

73c. Will buy a fine WHITE QUILT, for former price \$1.

Remnants fine India, 5c a yard, Rich value for 10c a yard.

French Pattern Challies Prettiest of the season worth 12½c.

Gents Reinforced linen bosom Dress Shirts 33½c., cannot be matched for less than \$1.

## WASH GOODS!

Wash fabrics are reaching the end.

First come Gingham.

5c yard for choice of 112 pieces dress Gingham.

7½c for fine Gingham.

These were selling readily at 12½c, but we must make room for

12½c, but we must make room for

## FALL GOODS.

7½c for fine French Patistes.

These are full 36 inches wide, and were imported to sell at 12½c.

7½c yard for choice of 200 pieces novelty Challies. These are choicest patterns and would be good value for 12½c.

for 12½c.

## SPECIAL.

Three cases best Pacific Lawns 7½c.

Beautiful qualities of India Suitings, Madras Plaids, colored India Linen Plaids, all go uniformly

7½c.

Every item in the Wash Goods department to go at closing figures this week at

KEELY COMPANY'S

## WHITE GOODS!

110 pieces India Linen 7½c, reduced from 12½c.

2 cases fine Check Nainsook 5c yard, reduced from 8c.

62 pieces Satin Finish Checked and Striped Lawns 8c yard, reduced from 12½c.

800 yards Sheer Lawn Plaids 7½c reduced from 12½c.

6 pieces bordered Apron Lawns 40 inches wide, former price 25c, reduced to 12½c to close.

reduced to 12½c to close.

AN OPPORTUNITY

—FOR—

Lovers of Really Fine

White Goods.

The Old Time English Novelties, Sheer Plaid Lawns and Nainsooks, Satin Striped Nainsooks, Striped Nainsooks, Lace Striped and Checked Novelties, all were marked 40c yard, will close out this week uniformly at 20c yard.

EVERY ARTICLE IN

## White Goods

DEPARTMENT

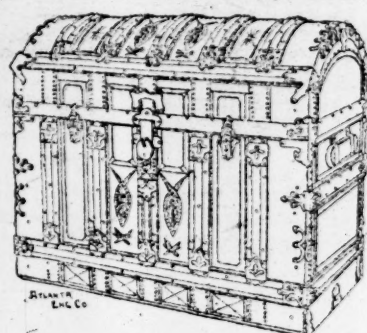
to be closed out at

## 40 Per Ct. Discount

To accommodate the rush in this great sale additional help has been detailed for this department.

Every effort will be made to wait upon you promptly.

ATTRACTIONS FOR THE WEEK  
Atlanta Trunk Factory  
92 AND 94 WHITEHALL.



Our double hat box lined trunk at \$5, formerly \$7.50.  
A large 24 in. Saratoga at \$3.  
A real leather covered, full size, Saratoga, lined at \$6.50.  
A FULL LINE OF TRUNKS IN SAME PROPORTION.  
A genuine grain leather valise, 20 inches long, any color, at \$2.50.  
Tourist bags, club bags, a full line, at reduced prices.  
Ladies and gents' toilet cases, card cases, pocket books, flasks and drinking cups, telescope cases, sample cases, all styles and qualities, all at rock bottom prices.  
DIEBEMAN & KAUFMAN,  
92 and 94 Whitehall Street.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

CINCINNATI, Walnut Hill.

Miss Nourse's

English and French Family and Day School

Will reopen Sept. 23. Pupils join special classes or take the full course of study for University Examination. Circulars and further information can be had at 95 Park Avenue. June 22 till sat-sun

SACRED HEART SEMINARY.

FOR BOYS UP TO THE AGE OF 14 YEARS IN

charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Sharon, Ga., a very healthy country location. School commences first Monday in September. Parents and guardians are requested to send pupils for the opening day in order to complete for meals. Board, tuition, washing and mending \$12 per month; \$50 for five months. For further particulars address Sisters of St. Joseph, Sharon, Taliaferro County, Ga. June 22—4111

GRAND HARVEST EXCURSION

TO ARKANSAS AND TEXAS.

August 6th and 20th, and September 10th and 24th via the Little Rock and Memphis railroad. Tickets good for 30 days. Stop over privileges allowed at pleasure west of Mississippi River. One fare for round trip. This is the cool and pleasant route for this season of the year. 500 miles north of New Orleans route and 207 miles shorter to Dallas and 222 miles shorter to Fort Worth than via New Orleans long line. Choice of three routes from Atlanta to Memphis: Western and Atlantic and McKenzie route, E. T. V. and Ga. and N. and C. railway, Ga. Pac. and Memphis and Birmingham railway, all connecting with the Memphis and Little Rock railroad. Remember, by buying your tickets via the above route from the agent of this line you will avoid a 2½c and 5 mile omnibus transfer and a tedious lay-over at Memphis.

The Little Rock and Memphis is the only line out of Memphis with double daily connection for all Texas points, thus being twelve hours ahead of all other lines.

Don't fail to ask for your tickets over the Little Rock and Memphis via Little Rock or Brinkley and avoid the 2½c and 5 mile omnibus transfer.

The new western railway guide, with complete map and schedule mailed free. For further particulars write to:

R. A. WILLIAMS,  
General Excursion Agent, P. O. Box 315,  
Office 33 Wall Street, Atlanta, Ga.

S. W. TUCKER,  
RUDOLPH PINK,  
G. P. A. Little Rock, Ark. General Manager,  
July 21-191

Little Rock, Ark.

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NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.

FORTUNE FOR SOMEBODY!

## M'BRIDE

WILL SELL A

## WONDERFUL BARGAIN

HIS ENTIRE AND MAGNIFICENT

## STOCK FOR CASH!

OR WILL

## Exchange for Real Estate

He Must Give Up His Store in a

Few Days to

## PHILIPS AND CREW!

If you want China, Silverware, Elegant Bric-a-Brac, Lamps, Chamber Sets, Vases, Show Cases, Filters, Coolers, Freezers, Chandeliers, Coal Hods, Come quick. Thousands of useful and beautiful articles at less than half cost.

## M'BRIDE'S

FURNITURE.

## PEYTON H. SNOOK

—WILL OFFER THE COMING WEEK SOME VERY HANDSOME—

## GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE

In oak, mahogany or cherry, notably the handsomest assortment of dining room, chamber and parlor suits. These are lovely goods and are bound to sell. Parties that failed to find bargains at the recent great bankrupt sale can save fully TEN PER CENT and secure handsome and more desirable goods by calling at the Cheapest Furniture House in Georgia any day during the week. I can show you over two hundred beautiful suits of furniture that I am anxious to sell at prices obtained at the above named receiver's sale. Think of buying a beautiful plush parlor suit for \$50, or a handsome bed lounge for \$7.50, oak suits only \$27, wardrobes, hat racks, book-cases, sideboards, fancy chairs, brass and folding beds, fancy desks and cabinets. Now is the time to buy before the great exposition rush, while prices are down. 1,000 spring beds \$1, 1,000 mattresses \$1.75, 1,000 bedsteads \$1.50.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS THE ENTIRE WEEK!

P. H. SNOOK.

## ATLANTA CITY BREWING CO.

BREWERS OF

## THE FINEST BEER!

On and after January 1, 1889, the Atlanta City Brewing Company takes charge of their bottling department, heretofore managed by the Southern Bottling Company, Aug. Fleisch, proprietor. We beg leave to inform the public that with increased facilities, we are prepared to supply the demand for the justly celebrated lager beer brewed by our company from the best Canadian malt, choice Bohemian, Bavarian and California hops, free to all for inspection at our brewery, corner Harris street and Courtland avenue.

## We Solicit the Patronage of the Trade

THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH.

## THE CAHILL IRON WORKS

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,

Architectural Iron Work and Building Castings—

Columns, Lintels, Store Fronts, Side, walk Grating, Open and Glass.

We have a great variety of patterns. Send for cuts of fronts and prices.

Also Manufacturers of

MARBLEIZED IRON MANTELS, GRATES, ETC.

ALL KINDS JOB FOUNDRY WORK SOLICITED.

We have made a specialty of Building Castings for Fifteen Years, and our work can be seen in almost every southern city.













**WORTH COUNTY'S FAIR.**

in Omalgele river swamp, near the yellow  
t, Mr. S. C. Stephens found three bees, and  
t, and the bees were cutting. About eight  
tough the crowd had all gathered round  
t. The first tree was a large swamp pine, about  
t hundred and thirty feet high, about four feet  
tough the trunk. When the tree fell it bursted  
t pieces and scattered the honey and bees all  
t the ground. Some of the bees crawled up  
t the trunk and were cutting the honey out  
t the rub as they would lope off through the swamp  
t. The second was a large cypress about one hundred  
t high and about six and a half feet through at  
t trunk. When it fell some of the boys went  
t to cut out the honey. They got more  
t than they could carry. The crowd was fired and  
t angry, and disappointed in the first tree  
t wanted to quit, but as the other tree was not tired  
t all agreed to have some more fun. The next  
t about the size of the first. When it fell about

**San Jones at Dalton.**—DALTON, Ga., July 27.—[Special.]—Tuesday, Oct 25th, is the day set for the beginning of the San Jones meetings at Dalton. A large number of people are expected to be capable of seating three thousand people if erected, and all arrangements necessary for the proper care of people who will attend now in the hands of a splendid committee, who will have everything ready in time. These meetings will include two Sundays, or two days of the week. The following is the committee: P. T. Adair, president; A. T. Berry, secretary; H. C. Babcock, Tom Trotter, H. Baker, S. P. Maddox, B. M. Herron, D. McKamy, W. H. Pruden.

**The Colored Masons.**  
 YSON, Ga., July 27.—[Special.]—The colored Masonic fraternity enjoyed a celebration yesterday. They have a brass band and Eufaula, and the town is full of negroes

plete their survey from Quincy, Fla., to this point today, where they connect with the Columbus Southern. The latter road will soon be completed to Dawson, and the Florida road is almost assured. So a bright future is in store for the town.

Slung!  
"Nottrapples."  
Slung!

out!

Fifty cents!

Ph-wiz!

Awlaboard!

—WILLIAM B. FREEMAN,  
Atlanta, Ga.







*[The page contains faint, illegible markings.]*



## DOWN THE SAVANNAH.

## THE VOYAGE OF THE GRADY PARTY DESCRIBED.

Larry Gantt as the Hero of the Occasion—Incidents of the Trip—The Scenery Along the River.

The trip to Elberton and down the Savannah river, from which Mr. Grady and a party of his friends have just returned, has been pronounced by all the most delightful of their lives.

Indeed, the people of Elbert are the most hospitable in the world, and the trip could not have been otherwise.

Mr. Grady made five speeches, but perhaps the greatest hit of his life was made at Anderson, S. C. There were at least twelve thousand people present, and the effect of the speech was profound.

However, fully one half the crowd were Georgians, many of whom had made one and two days' journeys to hear Mr. Grady. Whole families had turned out. There were men, women, boys and girls, and even

HUNDREDS OF LITTLE BABIES, in their mothers' arms. They were an intelligent and sturdy looking set of farmers, and their appearance bore the unmistakable signs of prosperity and contentment, for within the entire south there are no more fertile lands than along the banks of the Savannah, in both Georgia and South Carolina. Without fertilizer the lands readily yield a bale of cotton or fifty bushels of corn to the acre, but on account of the distance from railroads, only about a half to two-thirds of the cleared lands are planted.

But about the crowds who went to hear Mr. Grady. Right in front of the stand upon which the speaking took place was

A YOUNG MOTHER who tenderly bore in her arms a pretty blue eyed babe only a few weeks old. This young mother was particularly deeply impressed with Mr. Grady's words, and as he soared aloft in his eloquence and pathos, great tears were seen to form in her large blue eyes and nestle down over her cheeks. When the speech was concluded, this young mother tried to get near enough to speak to Mr. Grady, but she was forced aside by the surging crowd; however, not to soon, for a few to hear her say that her child, already called Henry, should have Grady added to his name and be called Henry Grady.

Besides babies, the children of the farmers had even brought their pet goats and cats and dogs, and on the stand, almost under Mr. Grady's feet, squatted upon his haunches

A LITTLE BLACK DOG, apparently the same one that shivered so much attention upon him at Albany. He was an angry little brute, but his marked attention and apparent devotion formed a touching picture.

Just after the speech the party of sixty-five left in three long canopy-covered Petersburg boats for a trip of fifty miles down the river through the rapids and rocky shoals. They were long, narrow and of light draft, covered very much like a prairie schooner.

Behind them floated a great

FLEET OF SMALL CRAFTS of every description—battaux, polo boats, dugouts, rafts and rowboats. There must have been fifty of them and it seemed that every man along the banks of the entire stream had turned out in his little boat to honor the guests of the people of Elberton. Through the rapids, which Professor White says are grander, more picturesque and more dangerous than those of the St. Lawrence, the expert negro boatmen steered us safely for a mile.

Then there was a bend in the river and just as the fleet rounded the curve out of sight of the multitude of people who lined the banks to bid the party adieu, Mr. Grady, Hon. W. H. Mattox, Congressman Carlton, and Professor White, transformed themselves into fifteen year-old boys and

WENT IN TO ENJOY THE TRIP as only boys can. All pulled off their coats and shoes, and with their pants pulled above their knees, allowed their feet to dangle over the sides of the boat in the rushing stream.

The boat struck upon a rock in shallow water and became wedged. There was no way to extricate it, except for the hands to get overboard and prize her off. Mr. Grady and Mr. Mattox jumped into the stream up to their waists to assist, and as the boat was shoved off, both gentlemen straddled the rudder, and with their legs dangling in the water, rode through the rapids and down stream until placid water was reached and they could again climb aboard.

IT WAS A PICTURE. An orator who had just finished and electrified a vast audience by a great speech, a half hour afterwards astraddle the rudder of a boat in a semi-nude condition, laughing and cheering and paddling around in the water like a school boy on a vacation.

Then there was a race between the two boats containing the divided party. Hon. H. H. Carlton commanded one and Mr. Grady the other. They were propelled principally by the swift current, but that was assisted by muscular negroes with great oars and long poles. Two negroes manned each oar.

The race was exciting. Captain Carlton's boat was in the lead, when

"PASHA" GRADY, with the assistance of a dozen bright silver dollars, inspired his crewmen to redouble their efforts and run alongside the opposing craft. Then there was a fight equal to that between the Alabama and Kearsage. The crews of each boat trying to shove their antagonist to the rear. Oars and poles were used in the fight, and all hands joined in. Then "Pasha" Grady went down into his breeches pockets and another handful of bright dollars flashed in the sunlight. The negro crew, inspired again, fought their antagonists off in a jiffy and the "Pasha's" craft shot ahead, but "Captain" Carlton, seeing he was being whipped had sent two men to the stern and

STOLEN THE RUDDER from his opponent's boat. But nevertheless the winning boat shot out in the stream and kept ahead until nearing some rapids. Then a flag of truce—a suddenly stripped shirt on an oar—was raised, and upon the payment of a ransom the captured rudder was restored.

The first night was spent under A GREAT SPREADING WATER OAK on the bank of the river at Harper's Ferry. It was dark when this point was reached. A great campfire was quickly built and the cooks commenced preparing supper, while many of the crowd went in bathing. Larry Gantt and Mr. Grady decided that some roasting ears would go well for supper and they started inland on a hunt. They were gone perhaps half an hour, when the yelps of a dog were heard in the far distance. They came nearer and nearer. Yells of men in distress could be distinctly heard. Then we heard something running through the woods making as much noise as an elephant on a tear, and in a few seconds Mr. Grady, almost out of breath, but laughing heartily, landed in camp, while just behind him

LARRY GANTT, with the teeth of a cur fastened in each leg of his pants, struggled on. There were two dogs and only one of Larry. Each dog had a leg and each was pulling backwards while Larry, single handed, struggled forward. The crowd rushed to his assistance, the dogs were run off and Dr. Carlton went to administer to the Athens editor, but he was all right and had

only lost about a foot of cloth off each leg of his pants. There were no roasting ears for supper.

After supper the crowd of sixty-five gathered around the camp fire, told jokes, played them upon one another and Dr. Carlton and Mr. Mattox wrestled. Then the negroes to the number of twenty-five were gathered under the old oak where they sang their

QUAINT OLD RIVER SONGS.

Then they sang the old time hymns not even heard in the older negro churches of the present day of which the favorite ran "Jesus Locked the Lion's Jaw." They were the hymns heard in ante bellum days and there was a peculiar pathos in their voices which almost brought tears to the eyes of their listeners. They entered into it with their whole souls and such sweet music as these old negroes made under that great spreading oak with the owls hooting in the distance was perhaps never heard.

Then when it grew late the oldest negro in the crowd said:

"Brethren, 'tis time to sleep. Let us pray."

In an instant everyone of the negroes fell upon their knees and with bended heads listened to the preacher

CHANT THE LORD'S PRAYER in that quaint negro dialect now seldom heard. In their midst was Dr. Carlton and Mr. Grady and they too were upon their knees, while the remainder of the crowd stood around with bowed heads. It was the most impressive prayer I have ever heard, and that prayer, under the bending skies, with the faint rays of the moon playing between the boughs of the trees and upon the upturned face of the old negro preacher, while the hoot of the owl and the cries of the night hawk blended with the music of the rippling waters, reached the heart of him to whom it was sent.

Later in the night COMFORTS WERE SPREAD UPON THE HILLSIDE and the crowd prepared to sleep, but somebody in the party, either Charlie Johnson or Larry Smith, had a cat at one end of the line and Tom Corrigan had one at the other. The crowd was just dozing when the mew of a cat was heard on one end of the line of sleepers. It was answered from the other. The imitations were so good that you could almost see the cats upon the back yard fence. It continued for some time, and then Dr. Carlton and about a dozen others decided, as they could not sleep no one should, and there was no sleep for the crowd that night. That is, until about two o'clock, when the noise ceased, and every one slept until four, when the journey down the river was resumed.

About noon Heartmont, the home of Colonel W. H. Mattox, was reached. There Mr. Grady made another speech to a large audience, and then the party enjoyed a genuine old-fashion barbecue, after which the trip down the river was resumed.

About 6 o'clock

TROTTER SHOALS, OR RAPIDS, the most picturesque and dangerous point on the river, was reached. The rapids are six miles in length. Here the river is one mass of great rocks, through which the waters shoot with lightning-like rapidity, flowing down a steep grade or hills. Through these rocks the boats went like racers. It seemed every moment they would strike upon a rock and be shattered, leaving the whole party to drown, but the boatmen were experienced, and we were going through safely when the skies suddenly darkened, the wind blew a perfect gale, and rain poured in torrents, drenching every one in the party to the very skin. Through the wind and the rain

THE BOATMEN STOOD AT THEIR POSTS, and when an old mill was sighted carried us to shore. In it after groping around in the dark a long time we found a pile of fodder. A big fire was built just outside the door to give light, and embedding ourselves in the fodder, the entire party,

WITH WET AND DRIPPING CLOTHES, slept until daylight Friday morning. Upon arising we found the people from the surrounding country had gathered and prepared us a most tempting breakfast, consisting of fried chicken, fried fish, which had just been taken from the traps, milk, coffee, hot cornbread, and, in fact, everything that is good.

Then the party left in carriages for PLATWOODS ACADEMY where Mr. Grady made a speech to a gathering of about five hundred people, composed of seven Farmers' Alliances from Elbert and the surrounding counties. Then they returned to Elberton, fifteen miles distant, and took a special train for Atlanta, reaching here Friday night.

Every member of the party was deeply impressed with the fertile lands and the GOOD AND HOSPITABLE PEOPLE OF ELBERT. The people of Elbert have been until recent years without a railroad, have heretofore relied upon the Savannah river to carry their goods to market and return with their purchases. Cultured, refined and hospitable, they are the true representatives of the south, and no one ever visited Elbert county who did not speak of it in terms of praise after leaving.

A RICH COUNTRY. And again Elbert is one of the richest counties in Georgia. Its lands, especially along the river and in the flatwoods, are the most fertile. The flatwoods are especially adapted to grain, while the river bottoms produce more corn and cotton per acre than perhaps any other lands in Georgia.

Near Elberton are vast quantities of granite that is now being worked and is pronounced the very finest quality of building stone. Then within seven miles of Elberton are mines of the very richest

MAGNETIC IRON ORE which have been worked, but owing to the great distance from a railroad has not heretofore been profitable. However, the Georgia, Carolina and Northern road to be built at once will pass the mines, and then the owners expect to reap an immense fortune. This road will run right through the county, and will tend to vast developments.

But there is one great advantage that Elbert county and the counties bordering on the upper Savannah and Broad rivers have over any other section of Georgia and that is the vast amount of undeveloped and developed

WATER POWER. In these rivers are hundreds of shoals and rapids, which will some day be thoroughly developed, and then the banks of the noble stream will be lined with factories. Experts say between Anderson and what was once the flourishing town of Petersburg, a distance of fifty-five miles, there is enough water power to run the machinery of the entire south. For instance, at the mill Mr. Grady's party stopped for the night, there is a canal of only two hundred yards long, and it furnishes a fall of thirteen feet. A canal at the foot of Trotter shoals as long as the one in Augusta would furnish a fall of one hundred and thirty-seven feet. The river along there will average nearly

TWELVE HUNDRED FEET IN WIDTH, and the entire stream, if necessary, could be turned into a canal which could be built at a comparatively small cost. Hon. W. H. Mattox also has a small canal from the river which runs his mill and gin, and there are a dozen small mills along the borders of Elbert and across in South Carolina run by the same power.

The Georgia, Carolina and Northern will develop all this country, and then we shall see capitalists and people generally flocking to this great section, which is the home of the best and most hospitable people in the world.

E. W. B.

## QUICK WORK.

The Police Detectives Do Some Good Work.

Friday night there was a burglary on Marietta street.

Dr. J. R. Hopkins's office was broken open and money to the amount of \$180 was stolen. The thief took off the inside lock of the drawer, and carried it with him.

Detectives Bedford, Cason and Green were put upon the case, and yesterday they arrested William Reden, an employee of the house, and in his room they found a sack containing \$141.35, with the lock that was broken off the drawer door.

After being caught up with, Reden confessed to having stolen the money.

## REVENUE ARRESTS.

Deputy Sheriff McDowell captured James Woods in Habersham county yesterday. He accused him of adding the devil by retelling bad spirits. He was lodged in Fulton county jail where there are no bad spirits to retail.

Deputy Marshal Scott brought in James Osborne, who is accused of running a little county jail.

John Baker was captured by Deputy Sheriff Cape in Clarke county. He thought he could out-will the revenue officers and make all the whisky that was broken off the drawer door.

After being caught up with, Reden confessed to having stolen the money.

At wholesale by H. C. Bonton and Wylie & Greene, Atlanta, Ga.

CLOTHING, HATS, ETC.

Fetzer & Pharr

12 Whitehall Street.

SOME BARGAINS!

A right lively

time we have had

this week selling

\$1.50 Straw Hats

for 50c, and \$4

Derbys for \$1.25.

The fun still continues.

We have

a few straws left,

and also a few of

the Derbys. We

have another pleasant

surprise in

store for you all.

For the next few

days we will sell

any cravat in our

house for 50c; 75c

cravats, \$1 cravats.

5p

PHONOGRAPHS

And Phonograph Gramophones.

With our chief office in Atlanta we are now prepared to lease the above wonderful inventions of Edison, Bell and Tainter, by which all sounds are engraved on a small cylinder, that may be preserved indefinitely and reproduced at will.

For lawyers and business men, at their homes or offices, it is a mechanical stenographer always at command. The cylinder, if the instrument be used at home, can be brought or forwarded to the user's office, and there transcribed by a typewriter or by "long hand."

Music, vocal and instrumental, is faithfully and accurately recorded and reproduced. The instrument is so simple that a few minutes' instruction will enable any one to use it.

We cordially invite all parties interested to call at our office, No. 43 Walton street, corner of Fairlie, and inspect the machines at their pleasure. Telephone No. 527.

Acting under authority of the North American Phonograph company and the sole lessees of the American Graphophone Company.

July 28-29

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, ETC.

## John Ryan's Sons

Phenomenal Rush This Season of the Year the Talk of the City.

Whining and Limping Competition are Dumbfounded at Our Unmatched Prices. You can hear on all sides when competition can't equal our prices: "Oh! We are importers, we sell only the best, we don't sell cheap goods, and all other such rot." But they leave off the main point, and that is they can't equal Ryan's prices. The truth of the matter is this—we sell more imported fine goods than any three houses in Georgia, but we don't ask that hundred per cent—and, besides, our goods are bought by an expert and not farmers, hence the vast difference in price. Now for tomorrow:

1,000 dozen gents' linen bosom laundried shirts at 25c each. This sale begins prompt at 8 o'clock. Goods worth \$1 25 each.

17 bales best Georgia checks, all styles, 4½c.

496 pieces colored lawns, 2½c full pieces.

500 yards lawn remnants 1c yard.

4 cases ginghams 4½c.

196 pieces yard wide figured batiste 6½c, cheap at 15c.

210 pieces French percales, Gold Medal, 8½c.

91 pieces figured wool challies, 10c yard.

87 pieces French gingham 25c yard, some self-styled importers ask \$1 for these goods.

It takes more than hymn singing and baby bouncing and asking how Cousin "Sal" and Sister "Sue" are to sell goods these days. Bargains the order of the day.

71 pcs figured and plain India silks 25c yard.

400 pairs lisle gloves, only 10c pair.

197 dozen all linen towels, 18x35, at \$1 per dozen.

200 dozen all silk gloves, drummers' samples, 25c pair.

Black silk mits only 15c pair.

1,000 yards white checked nainsooks 3 1-2c pair.

800 yards plaid India linens and organdies, remnants, 5c yard.

4,170 yards satin plaid nainsook 6 1-2c.

2,760 yards plaid organdies, worth 25c, only 8c.

Why don't some of these self-styled usurpers of titlts tackl' our prices. Is the pace too hot?

8,270 yards plain and figured linen finish chambrays at 6 1-2c yard. These goods are worth 20c.

78 dozen more of those gents' balbriggan shirts and drawers 25c each, worth 75c.

100 dozen gent's full regular fancy half hose, goods worth 35c, our price until sold will be 15c pair

71 pieces all silk, double width drapery nets, only \$1.

200 pieces Turkey red and navy blue embroidery 5c yard.

87 pieces, all that's left, 24 inch embroidery, only 25c.

"Clarks" "O. N. T." Spool Cotton 40c doz. or 3 for 10c.

"Coats" Spool Cotton 40c dozen or 3 for 10c.

800 dozen ladies' handkerchiefs, beautifully embroidered, worth from 25c to 75c, your choice for 15c.

We are being constantly imitated but never equaled. We make no bluffs with a little handful of goods and tell you we are sold out ten minutes after opening. We have everything as advertised. NO TWO PRICE MONKEY BUSINESS IN THIS HOUSE.

47 dozen Misses fancy hose, drummers' samples, only 15c pair.

196 dozen ladies' fancy hose, drummers' samples, only 25c pair.

113 pcs white India linens at 8c, worth 20c.

42-inch wide all wool French albatross 37½c, cheap 75c.

116 dozen ladies' all silk jersey ribbed vests in pink, cream and light blue at 65c each, worth \$1.50. Big drive.

71 dozen colored lisle ribbed vests 30c each.

27 dozen ladies' gauze vests 15c each.

Now for Carpets. Before we quote prices we will say that we will gladly sell you carpets at retail at exactly New York wholesale prices, and will furthermore deliver in Atlanta free to any merchant his entire stock at prices paid by him in New York. We are headquarters for carpets and are unequalled as regards styles and prices.

"Hatford" all wool ingrains 49c.

"Darnau" extra superiors 40c.

"Bigelow" body Brussels \$1.05.

"Roxbury" tapestry 67½c.

"Crossley's" English tapestry 65c.

"Imperial" velvet 90c.

"Smith" velvets \$1.05.

Good ingrains 35c.

"Lowell" extra supers 53c.

"Horne" body Brussels 73c.

"Palmer" body Brussels 85c.

"Sanford" tapestry, 45c.

"Smith" tapestry 55c.

"Glenan" velvets 95c.

Moquettes \$1.25.

Dobson tapestry 50c.

We have only first class workmen employed. All work done in best style known to the trade. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular. We would advise you if you want anything in the carpet line, to look through our wonderful and varied stock at once. Prices will astonish you. We will show you more carpets to select from than all Atlanta put together.

John Ryan's Sons











## SOME RAMBLES AT HOME.

## PLEASANT DAYS IN THE STUDIOS OF ATLANTA'S ARTISTS.

The Artist Life and the Home Life of Three of Atlanta's Citizens—Mr. Frazee, Mr. Field, and Mr. Morrison in Their Studio Homes.

How strange are the different phases of life, how different the men that jostle each other along the streets.

One would think that breathing the same air might make them understand and agree with each other, but human ideas and human nature are things that cannot be caught or acquired.

Side by side walk the dreamer and the man of practical toil, each leading a life within himself, each having his little world of life and death, of joy and pain.

There are some quiet men here in Atlanta, of whose personality the world at large knows little, and who are as far away from the busy work-a-day world as if they lived in the stars instead of the last stories of our great, busy buildings. They are men whose professions make it necessary for people who seek them to ascend, for their work necessitates a sky free from the shadows of earth. They are both workers and dreamers, and are altogether separate and distinct from their fellows, both in their natures and in their points of view. I love to go among them and touch the silver chords of their hearts and enter into their sweet exalted lives.

One of them is Mr. Orion Frazee, who has his sculptor's studio above Chamberlin and Johnson's. There he lives amid his art almost a god, since he can fashion a divinity from the clay of which God made him.

Was it not as a lesson to the coming world of art that God fashioned the first man from the dust of the earth? Did He not say to the whole world of artists: "See the immortal being I have fashioned from the lowliest substance. But thus, also, a soul into this substance and give it, as I have, a glorious immortality."

The work of a sculptor is the most difficult of all arts to perfect, the grandest when perfected. He has no color to give tone and expression, and unless his ideal and creative powers are marvelous his work is cold and uninteresting.

To Mr. Frazee has been given a wonderful amount of idealism, and his work is full of soul imagination, and that refinement of taste which no artist can take one step towards success. One of his recent and most beautiful works is an intaglio head of little Louise Inman, the deceased daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Inman. For this work he had only some very unsatisfactory pictures of the child to guide him, yet his success was wonderful. The face is in profile, the shadows and tones of the work are exquisitely fine, and full of a soft, delightful impression. The face is the embodiment of refined, fair childhood; the drop of the mouth, the curve of the lips like white rose leaves overlaid with dew, are particularly the possession of extreme youth.

Next to this intaglio the one which pleases me most is that of Wagner. In this white profile face I seem to read more understanding of the genius of the great musician than in all the music of his which I have heard. A fine has relief just visible in the face of John Wesley, a copy of one that is in a New York Methodist church. The face of the great reformer is in profile, the face and aims of the man written in every earnest line about eyes, mouth and brow.

A recently completed marble bust of Dr. Caldwell, of the Elyton Land company, has been placed in the Caldwell house in Birmingham, and the copy in the studio is a splendid work. Among the other notable works is a relief of Major Mims taken from life—a perfect piece of art giving to the handsome, distinguished profile, the expression of brilliancy and genial cordiality that his friends know and love so well. The first order the artist received in Georgia was that of the state's coat of arms for the new capital.

There was the fine bust of Judge Lochrane, and several death masks of prominent southern men. Among them, that of one of the most interesting to me was that of General Robert Toombs. The face, with its cold, lifeless features, retained a suggestion of the great Georgian as I first remembered him, when his eyes were diamonds and his tongue was gold, when eloquence fell from his lips as easily as a summer rain on flowers, when his wit flashed lightning from the sunmer sky of his wit. Washington, Ga., should have a bust of this great man. John Frazee had twenty children, and by his first and ten by his second wife, Orion Frazee being among the last.

As soon as the boy was old enough to think at all, he determined to be a sculptor like his father. Before he was twenty, he commenced the study of his art under Launt Thompson, completing it in a few years and opening a studio in the city, where he succeeded well for several years. Then his health failed, leaving him a hopeless dyspeptic. The doctors said he must have fresh air and exercise, so he determined to live a camping out life. In 1873 he took the steamer from New York to Troy, and from there he made a pedestrian journey over sixteen states, walking first to Rochester, then up the Genesee river and into Passaic woods where he spent a year among the Seneca Indians. Then he went down the Allegheny river into western Pennsylvania and on west until he reached Kansas, when he returned to see the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia.

"And did you enjoy all this, and never grow tired?" I asked.

"Never," he replied, "my health was good, air was bracing and delightful, and each hour spread a new and perfect paradise before my eyes. My love of nature is my life, my happiness, my life. I would not exchange it for millions. The country I walked over will never forget. I remember each hill and every flower and leaf my eyes looked upon. I shall never forget one afternoon in northern Indiana, in the harvest time, when I stood upon a high hill overlooking all the land. So great was the beauty and richness of the world about me, so sublimely beautiful that I was filled with an overwhelming sense of gratitude, and I lifted my hat and thanked God for letting me live in such a radiant kingdom."

From the west he returned to farm in New Jersey, determining to land a busy, physical life and give up his art, seeing that such work put him immediately in ill health again. On the farm the moisture brought malaria, and he departed for the west again, to take up his art in the execution of a bust ordered in Kansas. Returning by way of Atlanta he determined to locate in this city, and did so, finally fitting up the studio which he now occupies. He has succeeded here and the people appreciate his talents, which are of so high an order that they cannot be excelled by any sculptor in this country.

Next door to him there sits at work a quiet young artist, an Atlantan by birth and a man in whom practical business ability is added to

his sterling merit as an artist. He is an artist who says that when he first entered his work he thought it wouldn't support one, and now he finds it will support three, his wife, little boy and himself.

From the first, James Field has shown great talent and purpose in his work. With scarcely any training he entered art several years ago, after resigning his position in the wholesale grocery business. He worked quietly and uncompromisingly through the rough places, and now is on the high road to success. A stern and unrelenting critic of himself he has learned something new with each stroke of his brush. His talent for catching resemblances seems to point to portrait painting as his destiny. Gradually the hard lines of a crude hand have disappeared from his canvases. His flesh tints have softened, and he has imbued his people with the naturalness of life. His recent portrait of Hon. Frank Rice is a triumph in portraiture that symbolizes his future success.

He is now filling many other orders from prominent people, and will do a great deal of work abroad.

Mr. Field leaves this autumn for a year's study in Paris. His past success, alone and unaided, makes future success a certainty, after he has had the advantages of and learned all the wonderful and useful art mysteries that Paris alone can teach.

My third artist is widely known and beloved socially in Atlanta, where the works of his brush gain the most enthusiastic appreciation. Hal Morrison and his charming little family occupy rooms in the Fitten building. There's a pretty young wife with bright dark eyes and curly brown hair, and a little Hal with sturdy legs and the same sort of eyes and hair, and these make a home in the artist's Bohemia, without which he declines.

"I would be good for nothing, an idler and a dreamer of dreams."

Instead of this, I found him one morning a very busy, practical man amid his large art class, this composed of big and little folks, the smallest being twins and infant prodigies to boot. Their names, Arthur and Burton Clarke, their parents Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clarke. This was their second lesson, and they sat drawing coves with a sailor's face that couldn't be excelled by Rosa Bonheur. They had never taken lessons before, and Mr. Morrison says their talent is remarkable, and that many old, experienced pupils do not half so well.

Their master is an artist worthy to direct them. He has to perfection the art nature and feeling, and so strongly did this assert itself in his boyhood that he bore many a whipping for its sake. He was born in Prince Edwards Island, Canada, and was educated there. He came to this country with the ambition for him. He received his diploma and had an appointment for two years on the medical staff of the Intercolonial railroad.

"All that time," he said, "I did nothing but paint and fish, and finally abandoned my profession entirely to rove over the whole world and paint what pleased me. Here is something from my winter outing in Florida."

The pictures were two tropical scenes, delightful in color, exquisite in execution. The blue of the water and sky—that intense blue that might blind but for the moist atmosphere—lay realistically before me on the canvas.

"Talk of color," said the artist, "there's brilliant color there, of course, but people seem to think color can't be found out of the tropics. Why, there's glorious color in Scotland. The heather and the reflection from the lakes is the cause. Then look at Iceland. I have there a country God wiped his palette on, it is that color. There's no color like the northern lights on icebergs."

One of the tropical scenes showed a boat sail by the palm-lined shore of a Florida lake. "That sail," said the painter, "was our tent at night. We sailed in the yacht all day, my companion and I, anchored at night, took out the sail and made our sleeping tent."

"And how did you live?"

"Live? Why, one couldn't help living in a country where the water was full of fish and the marshes were full of game and all the heavy with fruit. I never lived so well in my life."

The artist has brought many treasures in his soul and upon his canvases from this beautiful, tropical winter. Always a masterly painter of still life, his recent pictures of game and fish seem wonderful, and are not, in my opinion, to be surpassed by any living artist. His latest study is one of birds—a sea bird and ducks in a greenish gray ground. The leather gun cases lie beside this abundance of beautiful game; the painting is to the life itself in every detail, glistening feather.

A wide-eyed on a gray ground was another exquisite study. The natural wing of the bird was put beside it, and then in its perfect imitation the perfect art of the painter was fully proven.

Some studies of the many beautiful species of trout lay beside clear water amid coral rushes, and two speckled beauties hung against the wall over a fish boat, the work so realistic that one wanted to touch it to see if it really was not the just-landed fishes.

"People think," said the pictures' creator, "that the uncouth children of nature have no idea, no comprehension. It is astonishing to find out how much they do observe. A rough, uncouth fellow stood before that trout study. He said, 'You bought 'em from Johnson,' and then went up to touch the well-cared-for fish that came from Johnson. The fellow knew the fish came from Johnson's by the way the grasses were tied through their mouths. It is simple people from whom I receive the sincerest criticism. Children give the best and most honest opinions. Many people love art without knowing why. There is one man who cares for my pictures and buys them, saying he doesn't know why, but he knows they smooth his soul."

Some flower and fruit pieces were beautifully executed. In a large study of rhododendrons against a rich ground of dense green leaves the effect was deliciously cool and sweet, the flowers a concentrated story of the mountains from whence they came.

A fruit piece—plums, a pineapple and peaches against a rich ground—was a most delightful and tempting study, and there was a piece of watermelon, pink, cool and sweet beyond description.

From Florida hang trophies on the walls—sea birds and wild ducks, all beautifully stuffed by the artist. The studio is a delightful place to go, for the eyes, mind and heart.

So are all studios to the lover of the true and beautiful.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

Good Enough for Him.

Sweet Chloris, late returned from town, To while her leisure, now doth keep (Chide in a fair and dowered gowne). Her father's fat and willing shepheard (Chide in a fair and dowered gowne). Sweet Chloris loves her, but of late A comes word that's true, my ardent cousin; 'Tis that he hears, she's graduated Of a young lady's school.

Ye youths hath but a rustic minde, With modern progress not in touch; Ye may be good, but he's not refined To dote it, very much. Nay, Chloris, arguing saith he, I'm through, I'm told, your class you led In natural philosophy. Has that improved your breed? Ye fruites their growth you can reveal; Ye say the earth's rough and round; Will that help move your spinning wheel; Or tell what plums should cost a pound? Ye lose ten triles of Israel, Ye know, and maybe where they've gone, But does this help, I pray you tell. See one lose his lion out.

What boots it for a wife to learn Dates, when she's got peach trees to make? And to dispute, why her due home? When she must look, and brew, and bake? That's plenty, Master Stephenson! 'Tis true, my friend, I know of a wile I do: That's Marianne, our serving-maid, She's just the wife for you! —From Time.

## A FIGHTER IN PIECES.

## AN ATLANTA GIRL TELLS OF SCENES IN NEW YORK.

A Visit to the Eden Musee—The Wonderful Chess Automaton—A Wierd Instrument of Torture—Scenes in New York.

New York, July 27.—[Special Correspondence.]—John L. Sullivan in sections! Who will believe it? It is a fact, nevertheless. I see the great and only John L. in what may be called "pieces."

From my window I can look into the work rooms of the Eden musee where there are representations of all nations exhibited in wax. The work is all done in the Eden, and as I am just opposite, I see the manipulations of all the figures and now they are busy on John L.

The other day my attention was attracted by an immense pair of legs, elevated with the feet in the space where the head should have been, they looked as if some giant was turning a somersault. Then in another room a herculean pair of arms were laid out to dry on a table and close by a man was working on the upper part of the body, which looked as if it was made for those arms and legs. Then there was the head of an other part of the table, so you see this great John L. was in sections, being pasted, glued, rubbed down, waxed and put together.

As I write I see his majestic "differ" with the great big muscles ready to knock somebody "out" and he certainly looks able to do it, though he is in parts.

Have you ever visited the Eden musee? If you have not the next time you come to New York by all means go. It is well worth visiting there, once at least. A friend and I went the other evening. I had (as some writers put it) an enjoyable time. We could not spare the dime for a catalogue, but came across one lying on a seat.

We took in the whole show except the chess player. We had already seen his automatic majesty and didn't have the fifteen cents necessary to make the handsome ticket money raise the curtains and let us in to see the head of an other part of the table, so you see this great John L. was in sections, being pasted, glued, rubbed down, waxed and put together.

The first time I went I could not overcome the feeling that he was a "sure enough" man in disguise, and for some time I could not make any criticism, thinking I might wound his feelings, and then every time anything was said he did not like, he would raise his head in a most contemptuous way and give the offender a look that was very embarrassing. One man, a bluff, smart, say-what-you-please sort of a fellow remarked quite loud, "pshaw, he's nothing but a darned humbug."

Well, you would have laughed as we did when that "darned humbug" raised his head and looked at his critic in a most contemptuous manner, and brought the blush to the cheek of his assailant.

The chess player, who attends the chess play, showed us all through him by opening a little door in his stomach and back, so we could see right through him, that his insides were all wire and machinery. I looked all around for the hidden mirror, but could detect nothing that would possibly assist that chocolate-colored individual in his plays; he has won every game I have ever seen him play.

Somehow the sculptor has made all the man's nose look alive; they are generally too large and heavy looking for the faces, and the nostrils are too thick. No patriotism about the noses he makes. There is a sameness about that one organ that is remarkable; some of the women have a most insipid expression, but some are quite good. The "chamber of horrors," as it is called, is most interesting, but rather scary to people of nervous dispositions, as there are people with their head cut off, one man being in fact hung another with his throat cut, all as natural as life or death; it all does make one feel rather squirmish.

I walked about ten miles yesterday; it was such a lovely breezy day I went through Central Park. There were great numbers of men, women and children having lots of fun on the grass, where they are allowed to romp. I enjoyed myself, although I was a little out of the gray ground. I saw a friend and brother, the chimpanzee. He is not a very attractive looking relative—not one we might be proud of. The first view I had of him he was clinging to the wires of his cage with all four feet; but he suddenly seemed overcome by bashfulness and could not face the audience any longer, so turned his back and buried his face in the sand. He made a picture of himself, but not a pleasing one.

One of the greatest of my mind, as you have seen, you can get even with him. Hold the little stick in your right hand, and swing the box looking fast attached to the string around quite fast and firm, and the noise you will make will almost raise the dead. The experienced vendors have a way of manipulating the thing that makes it give forth the most agonizing grunts and groans, so if you have anything against a person, just get near him and swing the stick round and round. Your revenge will be complete, especially if he is a nervous person.

I often have the great pleasure of seeing Atlanta people quite recently. I had pleasant calls from Mr. and Mrs. John Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. Bellingham, Messrs. John Ayden and Tom Felder, and this week I met Jesse Rankin on Broadway.

OLIVETTE.

RED HEADS ARE RISKY.

Men With Golden Hair Not Considered Good Insurance Subjects.

From the Palladium Record.

"I should like to insure my life, but I would be considered a bad risk. I doubt if any of the first-class companies would accept me."

These were the words of a fat freckled-faced, red-haired individual whose usually merry countenance and abundant avowals made him the very picture of health.

"What in the world should make you a bad risk?" chorused a group of bystanders.

The first speaker blushed till his cheeks were as red as his hair, and he said in a round and soft voice: "My scarlet topknot is my name. It is quite bad enough to invite the sobriquets of 'bricktop,' 'planks' and the like, but when the insurance companies take a hand in the persecution it is enough to make a strong man weep."

The aggrieved individual resembled a consumptive as little as was possible, but his superstitious tendency to pulmonary affections was the only ground for the insurance men's boycott. The medical examiner of a leading life insurance company, who was questioned as to the alleged disparagement of red heads, replied that it was largely imaginary and exaggerated. "It is a fact, however," he continued, "that red-headed persons have generally very thin skins and are, as a rule, of a delicate constitution. A pale, thin face and a cowering consumptive form are often allied to a reddish complexion. Light hair, and especially red hair, often seems to be taken as a sign of nervous disorders, and its presence may prejudice a medical examination against the subject. It is a fact that red-headed persons who show not the smallest trace of pulmonary trouble will sometime develop consumption in an almost incredible time."

## A CELESTIAL'S WOOING.

## THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF AN ATLANTA GIRL.

A Chinaman Proposes Marriage to Her in Chinese Fashion—Some Interesting Notes for the Fair Sex—How and What to Cook in Summer.

Sentiment to the civilized American is impossible in such weather, and engagements and weddings have ceased to occur. Upon a moderate summer night, a night with a slight breeze to fan the emotions to a flame, a young man can declare his undying devotion with ardor and simplicity and without the aid of fans and ice water but this debilitating weather is made for the love of the man who sang Bayard Taylor's "Belouva Love Song."

No love-making Bedonins present themselves here for the keeping up of sentiment under difficult circumstances, but the recent performances of a heathen Chinese in that line proves that heat cannot wither the heart of the tea grower.

As a pretty young typewriter sat at her desk near an office window looking out on Broad street the other day, working rapidly with her nimble fingers, she felt the consciousness of strange eyes upon her and raised her own only to meet those of a Chinaman. The Chinaman was gazing at her most intently.

The young lady went on with her work, thinking the strange little figure would depart; but it moved not, neither did it speak for some minutes. After gazing at her intently, the figure glided noiselessly into the office, and sat down to one of the clerks, "Mei-lan gal" referred to flushed with embarrassment and indignation. She didn't fancy being likened to those ladies with small feet and queer faces that disport themselves upon fans and banners. The clerk started to say that he could see no resemblance but the celestial had departed as noiselessly as he had come in.

The next day and the next the yellow man in blue clothes stood silently at the window and gazed at the pretty little girl who grew more and more nervous at this dumb admiration and deeply regretful that her eyes were long and slightly slanting and that her skin was slightly dark.

One morning she found on her desk a package uncannily interesting. It was wrapped in a Chinese gift cloth of golden tissue embroidered in Chinese figures. Removing this the girl discovered a lady's fan, a small, regular illustrated delirium tremens of a box. Lifting the lid revealed a thin, white paper, with "Mei-lan gal" written upon it. Beneath this lay a wealth of sweets, nuts and candies and dates, prepared in such a way as only the Chinese can, an upside down in a surprising sort of way, with syrup in balls that made you wonder how they were fixed, and all sorts of conglomerations going to make a street hawker's quarters.

The girl distrusted these enticing things which go to prove she was timid enough for a Chinese wife, if fear could make her resist the seductive bounties so enticing to the female youth of America. But she said she couldn't, and she wouldn't touch the stuff and so the other employers first in economy and presently in joy ate the whole box full.

The Chinaman and the boxes came regularly for several days. The young lady would not touch them, but her comrades enjoyed the gifts too well to doubt them.

The last visit was a few days ago. He entered the office in a garb the Mikado might have envied, so richly was it embellished and embroidered with things that swam and crawled and flew. In his hand he held a lighted yellow candle that the Chinese use as an hour glass. Placing it before the startled girl at the typewriter, he said, solemnly:

"Mally white light burn."

The girl, in mortal terror of being espoused by some compelling celestial right, snatched her candle and blew it out; and then the Chinaman, showing for the first time some human emotion, left her presence with a face one degree more passionate and solemn. This was the end of the Chinese courtship. The girl has never seen him since.

It might be a good thing after all to marry a Chinaman if one wanted a decorative sort of husband. He would be very useful about a house in many ways, and could make lovely things for one's parlor, besides washing the dishes and doing all the laundry work. The penchant for rats might make it inadvisable to trust him with the cooking, but for a cheap, industrious knacker's husband, he would beat all others.

In July.

Why do we look so old and grim? 'Tis hot.

Why are we all so quarrelsome? 'Tis hot.

Life seems a burden hard to bear; No clothing 'tis enough to wear; If we were richer how we'd swear; 'Tis hot.

The city seems an oven now; 'Tis hot.

The perspiration bathes your brow; 'Tis hot.

You do not feel inclined to work; But you're not a chance you'd shrink; But you're not a chance you'd shrink; 'Tis hot.

Well, never mind, although today 'Tis hot.

There'll come a time when you can't say 'Tis hot.

The winds will whistle, fierce and chill, December snows your whiskers fill, And then you'll growl—"you know you will—'Tis cold."

—From the Somerville Journal.

THE ART OF COOKING.

No art requires more experience and care than that of cooking. Once mastered it is there forever, but if one has not a natural talent for baking and brewing a good long time elapses before the art is fully understood.

There are infallible rules for the simplest vegetables and if these are not carried out the result will be disastrous. Potatoes, rice, etc., seem simple enough to cook, yet how often one finds the potatoes waxy and the rice mushy.

The rules for boiling: All things boiled that are to be removed from the water must be boiled rapidly and in a short space of time. Soap, stews, etc., must cook long and slowly. All baking must be done slowly; if it be meat, that must be baked frequently with butter; if thick bread or cake, a pan of water should always be placed on the upper rack just as the substance has risen and the crust commences to form. The moisture always prevents a thick hard crust.

To cook rice, pour the rice after washing into a pot full of boiling water and boil rapidly until a grain can be mashed between finger and thumb, then drain all the water off and set the pot on the back of the stove tilting the lid to one side to allow the rice to steam until each grain is dry and to itself. Using boiling water instead of cold prevents any particle of the rice from sticking to the bottom of the pot and is also a surer way of having the vegetable free from stickiness.

Potatoes should be put in cold water and boiled rapidly until a fork can be run through them, then should be peeled and served in a variety of ways. If they are to be served with butter and cream dressing, if allowed to remain in the pot for any time after water is drained off they become hard and waxy.

Very few people have nice thick summer soup and yet it is cheap and easy to make and nothing can be more delicious. Here is what it costs if one buys everything:

Soup bones, 10 cents; 1 quart ocher, 10 cents;

1 quart tomatoes, 10 cents; 6 ears of corn, 5 cents; 1 pint butterbeans, 5 cents; 1 onion, rice and potatoes, 5 cents. Total cost 45 cents.

This will make a bowl of soup sufficient for a large family. Put your soup bone on at breakfast, adding the vegetables as it boils. All the ingredients must be chopped very fine and boiled until almost thick enough to eat with a fork.

Here are some other receipts taken at random:

RASPBERRY WATER ICE. Press sufficient raspberries through hair sieve to give three pints of juice, add one pound of white sugar, juice of one lemon; place in freezer and freeze.

RED CURRANT ICE. Put three pints of ripe currants, one pint of red raspberries, one-half pint of water in a basin and place over the fire, and allow to simmer for a few minutes; then strain through a sieve; to this add twelve tablespoonfuls of sugar and one half pint of water; let cool and then freeze.

PEACH CAKE. Bake three thin sheets of sponge cake, cut ripe peaches into thin slices, put a layer of peaches and sugar and whipped cream flavored with lemon and vanilla between the cakes on the whole, to be served soon after prepared.

BLACKBERRY SHORT CAKE. One egg, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, and a half cupful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of sweet cream; take a pint of blackberries and crush them with sugar, and split the cake open when baked and spread with the berries; whip the cupful of cream for the top of the cake and stud it with berries; if it is not convenient to use cream, whip the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth with sugar and spread it on the cake.

She Got One. From the Chicago News. We sat upon the topmost step, And talked of this and that; She asked me if I'd been away, And how I liked her fat.

We chatted about various things, Of novels and the weather, For hours, on almost every theme, We were conversed together.

I asked what paper she preferred; She hesitated some, And then she said she'd read the "Herald," And how I liked her fat.

She moved a little closer then, And answered: "Can't you guess? Why, the one of all that suits me best is the 'Daily Evening News.'"

OF INTEREST TO THE SEX. A writer in the New York World tells of a new law school for women.

Besides Barnard college, says the writer, there is to be a law school for women in New York this autumn, a new law school. Ever since 1878 women have been admitted to the bar theoretically in New York, but none of the law schools have opened their doors to them, and if a woman wishes to study for the bar she is obliged to go elsewhere. Within the last few years a great many women have been anxious to prepare themselves for a legal career, and they have finally solved the question of obtaining instruction by starting a law school for women. Quarters have been secured at 212 East Fourteenth street, and all women over eighteen years of age, who wish to study with women, are admitted to the preliminary examinations. Women who simply wish to attend the lectures and not to study for a degree will not be obliged to undergo the examination, but a special course will be arranged for women who are anxious to familiarize themselves with the laws of marriage and divorce, laws applying to parents and children and anything that specially concerns her, such as the laws of guardianship, of real estate and of wills and inheritance. The methods of teaching will be the same as those in the law schools of the European universities, and the head of the school will be Dr. Emily Kempkins LL. D., of Zurich, Switzerland.

In New York women are allowed to practice at the bar, but the legal schools are not open to them, while in Zurich they are free to study law alongside the men and are admitted to all the legal degrees, but the graduates are not allowed to practice until they have passed the preliminary examinations. And Dr. Kempkins, having graduated with honors, found that it was necessary to come to New York to make a practice for herself. Being a graduate of the University of Zurich, the University of New York was obliged to admit her to their lectures, where she has familiarized herself with American law, having been perfectly familiar with the language before she arrived, and is now prepared to teach law in the law school for women. The best thing to do is to practice here, and the Swiss in New York come to her to have their wills drawn up and to get advice on questions of international law.

Every woman knows, writes an observing woman, that her eyes look much better when they are surrounded by dark arching brows, and certainly when these may be had so easily, there is no reason why she should make moon about colorless brows or an entire lack of them. The best thing to do is to use the soft pencil used especially for the eyebrows and which may be gotten in light or dark brown as well as black. It costs ten cents in the big shops and twenty-five cents at the drugists'. One pencil will last a very long time, and in most cases dark brown is the best shade to use. Practice using it until you have achieved not only the right shape, but the right shade, for you do not want your brows so heavy that they will smother the features of the world.

In shaping them if you need to take off a fringe, remove it with a bit of soft paper, very carefully; or a little can be done. Do not try to rub them off with a dry cloth, for it will simply smear around your eyes.

The stockings must exactly match the shoes, and they should be open-worked silk ones in order to touch the topmost note of the fashion. American ladies have differed the notions of footgear among their English sisters with the result that the footgear of the day is a most interesting study. The feet of our English maidens and the very scrupulously graven in the park.

It was rumored at the beginning of this season that black stockings were going out and white ones coming in. This has proved to be a mistake. Open-work black stockings are worn with every kind of dress, including white ones and others of light tints. It is the chic thing to have shoes, stockings, gloves and sunshade exactly alike in color, and in the evening it is absolutely indispensable that the stockings and shoes shall precisely match either the dress or its trimmings.

FOOT PECK. He Sojourns in Birmingham for a Brief Space of Time. From the Birmingham Chronicle.

Among the distinguished guests at the Tennis club opening was Samuel Minton Peck, who is in the city visiting his sister, Mrs. John M. Martin. Mr. Peck is fast winning fame as the foremost southern poet. He certainly possesses the divine afflatus. In personal appearance he is directly opposite to the typical poet of long hair and cadaverous looks.

He is well formed and apparently enjoys the good things of this life. But in his manner one can see the expression of the true poetic instinct. He is as artless as a child, as modest as a maiden, and as sensitive as a gimlet. A poet must be like a child, and he is a child in his heart, in everything, modest as a girl, for his lack of knowledge of the world makes him doubtful of his own power; sensitive as the plant that closes up at a breath, for his acute and refined sensibilities are born in the world of sentiment in which he lives.







